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A

TRAGI-COMEDY

As it is Acted

By Their MAJESTIES

SERVANTS

Written By

THOMAS SHADWELL, Laur.

[illegible]

Hor. de arte Poet.

LONDON,

Printed for [illegible]

THE

ROYAL

Shepherdess.

A

TRAGICOMEDY,

As it is Acted

By Their MAJESTIES

SERVANTS.

Written By

THOMAS SHADWELL, Esqr.

Non quivis videt immodulata poemata judex.

Hor. de arte Poet.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*; and are to be Sold by *Francis Saunders* at the *Blue-Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*; and *James Knapton*, at the *Crown* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, 1691.

TO THE READER.

READER,

THis Play, before I took it in hand, was wrote by one Mr *Fountain* of *Devonshire*; a Gentleman that had too many good Parts, that any Man should take a Measure of him by that, which he wrote as a slight diversion from his more serious Studies. The esteem I had for him living, and the value I had for his Memory being dead, made me unwilling that any thing of his should be obscur'd: And if, in exposing this, I have done any injury to his Reputation, it was an errour of my Understanding, and no fault of my Will.

This (being never by him intended for Action) was wrote in single Scenes (without that connexion which the Incomparable *Johnson* first taught the Stage) and had also many long, uninterrupted Soliloquies, some of fifty lines together, which perhaps might give some delight in the reading, but could afford little diversion to the Hearers. Yet finding many things in the Play, which I confess pleas'd me, I thought it might, with some pains, be made a pleasant entertainment for the Audience.

I have added little to the Story, only have represented that in Action, which was expressed by him in long Narrations: For we find (though the French do often relate the most considerable Actions in their Plays, especially in their Tragedies) the English will not be content without seeing such Actions done, and this is one of those many things, that make our English Plays so much exceed the French: But this was long ago observed by *Horace:*

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

I have endeavour'd to carry on those few Humours, which were but begun by him; and (to satisfie the Concupiscence as Mr. *Johnson* calls

calls it, of Jigg and Song) I designed as fit occasions for them as I could, there being in the former Play but one short Song which is the last but one.

Where it is possible, I have kept the Scenes unbroken; and with as proper a connexion as I could. What I have besides added I need not tell you, being I fear so much worse than his, that you will easily distinguish it.

I shall say little more of the Play, but that the Rules of Morality and good Manners are strictly observed in it; (Vertue being exalted, and Vice depressed) and perhaps it might have been better received had neither been done in it: for I find, it pleases most to see Vice incouraged, by bringing the Characters of debauch'd People upon the Stage, and making them pass for fine Gentlemen, who openly profess Swearing, Drinking, Whoring, breaking Windows, beating Constables, &c. and that is esteem'd, among us, a Genrile gaiety of Humour, which is contrary to the Customs and Laws of all civilized Nations. But it is said, by some, that this pleases the People, and a Poets business is only to endeavour that: But he that debases himself to think of nothing but pleasing the Rabble, loses the dignity of a Poet, and becomes as little as a Jugler, or a Rope-Dancer, who please more than he can do: but the Office of a Poet is,

Simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.

Which (if the Poets of our Age would observe it) would render 'em as useful to a Commonwealth as any Profession whatsoever.

But I have too long troubled you with a Discourse of this Play, which (let me say what I will of it) you will judge of as you please: But if you consider, after such an Infinite number of Plays, when

(Nil intentatum nostri liquêre Poetæ.)

How difficult it is to write even an indifferent one: (as none but those that cannot write think it easie) Methinks it were but an ordinary piece of Humanity to pardon those Errours you find in Plays, especially, since they are committed by those who endeavour to please you, which is the aim among the rest of

Your Servant

Tho. Shadwell.

PROLOGUE.

ONE of the Poets (as they safely may
When th' Authour's dead) has stolen a whole Play:
Not like some petty Thieves that can endure
To steal small things to keep their Hands in ure.
He swears he'll die for something: In our times
Small Faults are scorn'd, the Great are worthy Crimes,
Only for Noble Sparks, who think it fit
That the base Vulgar should mean Crimes commit.
—— But 'tis your fault Poets such Thieves are grown,
For that injurious mercy you have shown,
To some great Malefactors heretofore
Has, for each Thief you've pardon'd, made Ten more.
—— This for the bold Purloiner of the Play,
'Tis fit I something too of that should say:
It is a Vertuous Play, you will confess,
Where Vicious Men meet their deserv'd success.
Not like our Modern ones, where still we find,
Poets are only to the Ruffians kind;
And give them still the Ladies in the Play,
But 'faith their Ladies are as bad as they.
They call 'em Airy, Witty, Brisk, and Wild,
But, with their Favours, those are terms too mild.
—— But (what is better yet than all the rest)
In all this Play, there's not one Baudy jest,
To make the Ladies bite their Lips, and them,
To be applauded by the Gentlemen.
Baudy, what e'er in private 'tis, is here not fit,
'Tis to Assemblies Sawciness, not Wit.
But yet we vow'd, (if it were to be had
For Love or Money) we'd have what's as bad;
We've stuff'd in Dances, and we have Songs too
As senseless, as were ever sung to you.
If all these things will not support our Play,
Then Gallants you may damn it, yes you may;
But if you do, you'll suffer such a Curse ——
Our Poet swears he'll write one Ten times worse.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Basilius,	King.
Theander	Prince.
Endymion	A worthy Lord of small Fortune.
Pyrrhus	A Creature of the Kings.
Neander	A Vain, Cowardly, Vicious, Effeminate Lord.
Geron	An old Jealous Fop that has married a young Wife.
Priest.----	
Queen.----	
Cleantha	Niece to the King.
Evadne	Servant to the Queen.
Urania	One that was a Shepherdess, and preferr'd by the Prince to wait on *Cleantha*.
Phronesia	A vain foolish Woman, Wife to *Geron*.
Cleopatra	Mother to *Urania*; conceal'd by the name of *Parthenia*.

Messengers, *Officers*, *Shepherds*, and *Shepherdesses*, *Nymphs* and *Satyrs*, *Priests* of *Mars*, &c.

SCENE *ARCADIA*.

THE

THE Royal Shepherdess.

ACT I.

Enter Pyrrhus, Endymion, Neander.

Pyr. BElieve't my Lords, they say the Prince does Wonders.
Nean. They say he kills a World of Men indeed;
But 'faith I think the wonder had been greater
If he had made but half so many live.
Endy. Perchance, my Lord, you'd have him turn Physician.
Nean. Rather than Butcher, 'tis the Nobler Trade,
Endy. But they are his Enemies he kills,
Men that offend, and do deserve to die.
Nean. O! then I think you'll praise the Hangman next,
You give a definition of his Trade.
Pyr. If I do not mistake your humour, Sir,
You were never taken with this dying,
It is a thing does marr a Courtier much.
Nean. 'Thank Heav'n, I am not yet so mad to wish for't;
Let Broken-Merchants, and the base Rout
That durst the Streets, when their designs miscarry,
Cry that there's nothing Certain in this World,
I think there's less in that which is to come:
Here I'm sure of something, I'm a Lord,
And live with Men: But to be turn'd a grazing
In the *Elizian-Fields* (that Men do talk of)
Among Philosophers, ne'er could make a Legg.
Endy. Fie, fie, *Neander!* this is too prophane,
And relisheth far more of Beast than Man.
Nean. My Lord, I ask you Pardon, I'd forgot
You are a Virtuoso: 'Tis my Lord *Pyrrhus*
That makes me wander from my Argument,
By putting me in Mind o' th' World to come,

(A

(A Theam indeed on which few Men speak sence.)
Endy. My Lord! you take too great a Liberty.
Neand. I am sure you do, to give such mighty Names
To killing Men: why Celebrate the Plague:
What General ever did destroy like that;
Or study Glorious Tombs for old Age,
That kills all those whom nothing else can kill.
Pyrr. The honour of our Country lies at stake.
Neand. Honour! The Fools Paradise, a bait
For Coxcombs that are poor, and cannot have
Pleasure and Ease; but sell their Wretched lives
(That are not worth the keeping) for that Trifle
Honour; the breath of a few Giddy People:
Well, I shall leave you to your mighty thoughts,
And make a Visit to a Mistress, which I think
Concerns us more than broken Pates for honour.
Adieu —— [*Ex.* Neander.
Pyrr. 'Tis a vain Lord!
Endy. He's too prophane, and choseth to buy Wit
At the expence of Friends, Religion,
And all but Ladies smiles; which he more values
Than Honest Men do the kind looks of Heaven.
Pyrr. And hates nothing, like Reputation won
By Arms: he hates all Deities for *Mars*'s sake,
And swears that Generals only famous grow
By Valiant Friends, or Cowardly Enemies,
Or, what is worse, by some mean piece of Chance.
Endy. The truth is, 'tis odd to observe
How little, Princes, and great Generals
Contribute oft-times to the Fame they Win;
How often have we known, that bravest Men,
With too short Arms, have fought with fatal Stars:
And have endeavour'd, with their dearest blood,
To get renown, and with such glorious actions,
As the great Hero's have been fam'd for less:
And yet have fallen by Vulgar hands at last,
Among the Sacrifices of their own Swords,
No more Remembred than poor Villagers,
Whose Ashes sleep beneath the common Flowers
That every Meadow wears, whilst other Men,
With trembling hands, have caught a Victory,
And, on pale Fore-heads, worn triumphant Bayes.
Pyrr. I have observ'd it often.
Endy. Besides I have thought,
A thousand times in time of War, when we
Lift up our hands to Heaven for Victory,
Suppose, some Virgin Shepherdess (whose Soul

Is Chaſt, and Clean as the Cold Spring where ſhe
Quenches all her Thirſt) being told of Enemies
That ſeek to fright the long enjoy'd Peace
Of our *Arcadia* hence, ſhould ſtraight repair
To ſome ſmall Fane, and there on humble Knees,
Lift up her trembling hands unto the Gods,
And beg their help; 'Tis poſſible to think
Heaven will not ſuffer her to weep in vain,
But grant her wiſh ——
And ſo, in the next action happens out,
(The Gods ſtill uſing means) the Enemy
May be defeated, the glory of all this
Is attributed to the General,
And none but he's ſpoke loud off for the Act,
Whilſt ſhe, (from whoſe ſo unaffected Tears
His Laurel ſprung) for ever dwells unknown.

Pyrr. Your Lordſhip does not doubt the Princes Merit?

Endy. By no means:
I know the Prince a Man of that vaſt Soul,
That fleſh did never Circumſcribe a Greater.
All that I ſay, is what I've thought upon
Some hours of Tweet Retirement, when I've ſate,
And viewed the fleeting State of poor Mankind,
A thing too giddy to be underſtood.

Pyrr. Indeed the Prince does more than give us hopes
Arcadia ſhall Command thoſe Provinces,
Who lately thought our long and happy Peace
Had ſoften'd ſo our Minds, that now we were
Fit to be Lorded over by their Wills:
But ſtrange it is, to ſee the King ſo little
Joy'd with the news, that ſtill he bears a Face
More troubled than *Sicilian* Seas in ſtorms.

Pyrr. 'Tis for the Love of that poor Shepherdeſs,
The Prince not ten Months ſince took from a Cottage
As he was a Hunting, and gave the fair
Cleantha for a Preſent.

Endy. aſide. Alas! my poor *Urania*! how doth
Thy harder Fortune vindicate my Choice?
Who now dares ſay *Endymion* loves too low,
When he loves her that can make Princes die?
No more, no more, we muſt ſcorn Cottages,
Thoſe are the Rocks from whence our Jewels come.
Gold breeds in barren Hills, the brighteſt Stars
Shine o'er the poorer Regions of the North.

Enter King.

Pyrr. Here comes the King! *Endymion*, pray retire,
It is not fit you ſhould be privy to his Thoughts.

Endy. I'll try if I can hear what resolution
The Kings enrag'd Passion makes him take. [*He retires.*
King. Pyrrhus! how thrives my Love? I have
Intrusted you with all I am, and all I wish for.
Pyrr. Sir, I have already done,
What Language and Rewards have power to do.
King. And what return am I to hope for then?
Pyrr. There's little hope: This Ermin will not be
Perswaded from the whiteness she so loves.
King. Poor Country Girl, where can she find Words
Or Resolution when you do assault her?
Pyrr. When I first
Mention'd the business to her, all alone,
Poor Soul she blush'd, as if already she
Had done some harm by hearing of me speak:
Whilst from her pretty Eyes two Fountains run
(So true, so Native) down her fairest Cheeks,
As if she thought her self oblig'd to weep
That all the World was not as good as she.
Endym. Heaven! how does this Carriage please me!
King. This Modesty of hers inflames me more,
As Springs are hottest in the coldest weather.
Pyrr. Her Tears so innocently begg'd my pity,
That I was straight turn'd over to her side,
And had forgot the Cause for which I strove:
Till rallying agen, I once more gave
A new Assault, and urg'd her to answer:
All her reply was, No: then humbly pray'd me,
Not to be Cruel to a poor weak Maid,
Who had not any thing, in all the World,
To give her value but her Innocence;
With such Success as this I often have
Assail'd her Vertue.
King. Ah *Pyrrhus!* where will this Tyrant end? shall I
Still be Priest, and Sacrifice, and Altar too,
Unto a Passion, I can satisfie,
But neve Conquer? What poor things are Kings?
What poorer things are Nations to obey
Him whom a petty Passion does Command?
Heav'n! why was Man made so ridiculous?
Pyrr. Your Majesty says that of your self,
Which were Impiety in any else,
But once to think.
King. Men but Flatter me.
Oh Fate! why were not Kings made more than Men?
Or why will people have us to be more?
Alas! we govern others, but our selves

We

We cannot rule, like to our Eyes, that see
All other things, but cannot see themselves.
Pyrr. Sir, do not discompose your self; you may
Soon Quench this mighty Flame, and where your Prayers
Have not prevail'd, your Power may Command:
Who in *Arcadia* dares resist your Will?
Endym. O Villain! This will make thee Chief among
The damn'd in Hell.
King. But stay! when this poor Maid
Shall Call on Vertue, and the Gods to keep
Her Body, they too weakly have Expos'd,
Shall I (whom Men call sacred and divine,
And look on as deriv'd from Ancestors
Who have not Tombs, but Altars) without shame,
And thousand blushes, dare with ruder force,
To drive poor Vertue from her Cleanest Temple?
And use that power, the Gods have given me
O'er others, but to offend them how I please;
By Heav'n I will not.——But I die——O I am Mortal——
Pyrr. Sir, you're a King; But Love's a Deity
Must be obey'd by all. Resolve to try
Whether *Urania* will Love or Die?
Endym. Heav'n! what do I hear?
King. O unruly Passion! whither will it hurry me?
I must submit; Use all your subtilties
T' entice her to comply with my desires;
But if allurements fail, she must be forc'd,
And let me know my Fate within this hour:
Farewell.
Pyr. Sir, I shall be diligent in obeying all your Commands. [*Exit King.*
Enter Endymion *from behind the Arbour.*
Endym. And I'll reward your diligence.
Pyrr. What does this posture mean?
Endym. Wert thou not fear'd in Wickedness, thou wouldst
Not ask; That thou maist know thy Crime I'll write it
In thy own blood, draw quickly, or I'll Kill thee
Without defence.
Pyrr. I am amaz'd, but if you long for action,
Come on, I have a Sword that will employ you.
[*They fight*, Endym. *gets* Pyrr. *down, with his Sword at his Breast.*
Endym. Now Villain! [*Enter* Cleantha *and* Urania.
Clean. Hold, hold! *Endymion*!
Endym. Madam! I obey.
Go! thank the Princess *Cleantha* for your Life!
And look you use it better than you have done.
Uran. Madam! he bleeds, I'll try to bind up his wounds.

Endym. No dear *Urania!* 'tis but a scratch, but were
It ne'r so deep, one touch of that fair hand
Were a sufficient Balsom.

Clean. O fie *Urania!* how unhandy art thou?
Sir, let me practice my little skill in Surgery
Upon you. [*She tears her Handkerchief, and binds up his Wounds.*

Endym. This is an honour Princes should receive
Upon their Knees: I beseech your Highness
Do not humble your self so far; it is
So slight it does not need a Miracle, for so
Ought your Assistance to be valu'd, Madam,
Urania's skill in this would be sufficient.

Clean. Your Courage makes that seem slight, which others
Would think dang'rous, I'll bind it up.

Endym. How am I confounded with this favour?
Your Highness does dispence your Charity
As the Gods do to us; not for reward of Merit,
But for Pity, so to inhaunce the value of their mercy.

Clean. This Modesty is too much, *Endymion*. 'Tis
Ingratitude to Heaven, when it disclaims
Those Vertuous Endowments it has given you.
But what was the occasion of this Quarrel?

Enter Evadne.

Evad. The Queen desires your Highness
To come to her instantly.

Clean. Come then, *Endymion*, tell me as you go.

Endym. I will obey your Highness. ——

Clean. But, my Lord, *Pyrrhus* may tell the King of this, and it may be your Ruine; 'twill not be safe for you to appear.

Endym. Madam! he will be unwilling to meet his own ruine, to procure mine; he has drawn blood within the Court, which your Highness knows by an indispensable Law is death in *Arcadia*; he'll not betray himself.

Clean. My Lord 'tis true, Let's to the Queen —— [*Exeunt all, but* Evadne.

Enter Neander.

Nean. How does this Minute transport my Soul with Joy, to have the blessed privilege to be with fair *Evadne?*

Evad. I am glad it makes some body happy.

Nean. With her who has my Heart. ——

Evad. Have I it? pray my Lord take it agen.
I would not be troubled with keeping such a Bawble for the World.

Nean. She whom great Nature (now grown wanton) made to look upon, and scorn her other Works.

Evad. My Lord *Neander!* I see you are resolv'd not to study to no purpose, you will have out your Complement, let me say what I please: but I must take liberty to leave you in the middle of it.

Nean. Nay, Madam, I beseech you be not so unkind.

Evad. Nay now I have put you out of your Complement; I care not if I stay a little longer.

Nean.

Nean. Madam! you are Cruel! how do you Kill?

Evad. Kill, *Neander?* No sure then you would not be so near me.

Nean. I ne'r could fear death from so fair a hand as yours.

Evad. I believe indeed, my Lord, you fear death least from the hands of a Woman, which is the Reason you chuse to stay here at Court among the Ladies, rather than go to War with the Prince.

Nean. Madam! — You Ladies have a Privilege.

Evad. Yes, my Lord, it's sometimes a priviledge to speak Truth.

Nean. 'Faith Madam, you may say what you please.

Evad. Pardon me, my Lord, it would please me much better if I could say you were in the War in *Thessaly*.

Nean. Truly, Madam, I could give you very good reasons why I went not to the War with the Prince.

Evad. I believe you can, and so can every body else that knows your Lordship: The first and Chiefest reason was a certain tenderness you have for the preservation of your Person, some scandalous people stick not to call it fear.

Nean. Do not judge so Madam; I can assure you it was for very different reasons.

Evad. You will give very much satisfaction to the World, if you say what they are.

Nean. Why then, to tell you the truth, Madam, I am somewhat troubled with Corns that I cannot, without pain, wear a riding Boot: and then I am strangely subject to the Tooth-ach, which makes me very unfit to lie in the Field, which indeed were the two main Reasons made me refuse the War.

Evad. What pity 'tis so brave a Mind should be so unluckily hindred from shewing it self.

Nean. I perceive you railly, Madam.

Evad. I see Sir, you are a Man of a quick apprehension. *Enter Priest.*

Priest. How now Daughter? what do you here? my Lord, I do not desire your Lordship should make any addresses to my Daughter, her Fortune is too humble for your thoughts.

Nean. Your Servant, Madam.

[*Aside.*] Pox on this Formal Priest. —— [*Exit.*

Priest. Well now *Evadne*, my dear Child, thou art
Come forth upon the Worlds great Stage, and it
Must be my care first to advise thee, then
To pray for thee: Yet thou art innocent,
(Oh maist thou still be so my Child) yet know'st not
Ought but the holy practices of Cells,
Where vertuous Matrons have instructed thee.

Evad. But now the Scene is chang'd, the Queens Commands
Have brought me to the Court to wait on her;
The employment truly noble: and I have
In her the brightest Pattern of true vertue
That all the World can boast of.

Priest. But thou'lt find
Few more besides whose wandring paths are safe:
Those of thy Sex thou'lt find so strangely vain,
That they think they have wash'd, and patch'd, and curl'd

Themselves

Themselves ev'n into little Deities:
They do believe that wanton Men speak truth,
When to consume those hours, they care not for,
They tell 'em that their Eyes are more than Stars.
And that they have a killing power, with
A great deal of such amorous fustian.
Evad. They're very credulous that believe 'em sure.
Priest. Then, by degrees, they strangely cheat themselves,
Poor Souls, into the fond belief that they
Not only are fairest, but wisest too:
And now they are attain'd to that degree,
All must admire, but none must merit them,
Till ruggid time, too old to complement,
Takes from 'em all those little Ornaments
Which wanton Nature had adorn'd them with;
And then they do Awake, the Dream is done,
The Market falls, and some distressed Knight,
Unenvied, bears away what all had Courted.
Evad. This is the common Fate of our poor Sex,
When they have great Opinions of themselves.
Priest. Therefore *Evadne*, let me pray thee still
Keep thy best Jewel, thy Humility:
If thou weares't better Cloaths, alas consider,
Each little Flower, that does in Meadows grow,
Is better clad than thee, yet is not proud.
Evad. I will endeavour to obey you in all.
Priest. Hence mayst thou shun the common vice of Courts,
Scorn and contempt of others, which oft have
A nobler Vertue, though a meaner Fortune.
For know, *Evadne*, that this lower World,
In which we live, is not distributed
According to mens Merits: the Gods preserve
That Justice for those nobler Regions, which
Themselves inhabit: here the mighty are
Like mighty Mountains, high, but seldom fertile.
The richest soyl is in low Valleys found:
Devotion often weeps, in humble Cells,
Whilst under-guilded Roofs profaneness sings.
Evad. I have consider'd often this sad truth.
Priest. This is the World, *Evadne*, but to come
To what I've else to say; thy next Temptation
Will be to love; Know thou wilt surely have
Enow to Court thee: Some 'cause 'tis the Mode,
Others, because they've nothing else to say,
And Wisest Men because they think me rich:
But know my Child I, to Marry, is
The greatest Action of our Lives, and merits

The greatest of our Cares: but above all I warn thee
Against *Naander*.
He's a Vicious, Profane, and Idle Person,
One, that would make me hate the name of Father,
Should he but call me so? Well, *Evadne*,
Pray Meditate on what I've said to you,
I'll leave you to your thoughts —— [*Ex. Priest.*

Enter Phronesia.

Evad. What in tears, *Phronesia*? what's the matter?

Phro. O Madam! have a care of Marriage, I give you warning of it.

Evad. What is the old Man Jealous still? It may be you give him cause.

Phro. No other Cause but that I am with Child, and he distrusts himself.

Evad. Why did he marry you then?

Phro. Nay I cannot tell not I.

Evad. Why don't you ask him?

Phro. I have.

Evad. And what says he?

Phro. He told me ——

Evad. What? ——

Phro. O Madam! you cannot imagine his wicked Intentions. ——

Evad. What does he say?

Phro. He told me he marry'd me onely to keep me honest, like an old Villanous Tyrant as he is.

Evad. But now it seems he is convinc'd 'tis more than he can do.

Phro. Every one best knows his own abilities; But why should he do that to me of all Women? Marry me to keep me honest? out upon him, I defie him and his wicked Intentions.

Evad. Indeed it is a hard Case.

Phro. Ay, Madam, is it not? would you be willing to be us'd so? Besides, Madam, no Man in the Court offers to speak to me, but he thinks 'tis Love.

Evad. He thinks you are so handsome, perhaps, that it is impossible for any Man to look upon you without being smitten.

Phro. That may be something, as you say, Madam, but I will never put up this Injury: Marry me to keep me honest, quoth 'a?
I'll never endure it, while I ha' breath: —— See Madam —— where he comes —— do but observe him.

Enter Geron.

Ger. I have brought my self into a sweet condition, like an old Fool as I am, why could not I remember how many I had Cuckolded my self, and to think I should not be serv'd in the same kind, were to suppose neither Wickedness, nor Justice in the World.

Phro. Look, Madam upon this Mischievous Count'nance.

Geron *to himself.* How could I imagine that any of these sort of Women would keep themselves honest three Minutes, when they fear'd neither the danger of taking Savin, nor a great Belly? Heaven! what a Condition am I in! —— now do I plainly perceive the pain that poor Children indure at the coming of their Teeth, by the coming of my Horns —— Oh *Phronesia*! are you there?

Phro.

Phro. Yes! you old Fumbling Sot, I am here. ——

Evad. Fare you well. [*Ex.* Evadne.

Ger. O wicked *Phronesia!* how have you us'd me? whom have you appointed now to do me the Courtesie? — my Lord *Pyrrhus* — he is of a black Complexion, and that never fails; — My Lord *Endymion*'s a Poet forsooth, and prevails with Sonnets; —— and for my Lord *Neander*, — the Priest convinc'd him the other day, that Adultery was a very great Sin, and that's reason enough for him to lie at Rack and Manger; I am sure my head must ake for't.

Phro. Let it ake on, you old Fop, you marry'd me to keep me honest, did you? I'll honest you; I will go instantly and meet 'em all three. [*Exit.*

Ger. But I'll follow you close at the heels, and prevent your recreation! —

If any Man be weary of his life,
Let him at Threescore marry such a Wife. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter Pyrrhus *and* Urania.

Pyrr. COme fair *Urania*, think upon the honour
To be a Mistress to a King, sounds it not Well?

Uran. It is an Honour I should not envy her
That sought my ruine! I will ne'er forsake
My Vertue, for a little outward splendor.

Pyrr. Is Love a Vice *Urania?* why did Nature
Make us all Vicious, when she did immerse
Love in the very beings of all Creatures:
Go search the Universe, and shew me there
What but affrighted Man is not as free
To satisfie his Love as Thirst or Hunger;
Beasts ne'er dispute the Lawfulness of what is
Natural.

Uran. 'Tis well, my Lord, when you intend
Unlawful Loves to instance not in Men
But Beasts —— but let me ever be
Of that affrighted Number that follow Vertue.

Pyrr. Come, come, *Urania!* Love, like Men, was free,
E'er Pow'r and Laws had taught 'em both the use
Of Chains, and Fetters: Nature ne'er Confin'd
Her Noblest Creature to the Narrow'st Prison,
Nor gave him Inclinations to torment him.

Uran. But, since those Laws are made, I will obey.

Pyrr. But when thy Prince, *Urania* (who in right
Abridges all thy other Liberties)
Shall offer to restore thee this, thou maist
As freely take it as thou might'st the rest.

Uran.

Uran. But all the power he has can never cancel
That obligation which I owe to Heaven.
Pyrr. Nay, now my work is almost at an end,
When Women come to argue once the thing
It is a kind of yielding.
Uran. Ah my Lord,
Pray add not injury to my Misfortune,
But know, that all the baits you lay before me,
Shall ne'er allure me to put off that true
Content I have in being Innocent.
Pyrr. Well! I perceive you make me toil in vain;
You fool your self, not me; pray hear your doom:
The King's resolv'd to leave you but this Choice
Either to Love, or die; to be the subject
Of his Revenge, or Pleasure; answer quickly,
And answer Wisely; for believ't, *Urania*,
If you refuse his Love, this hour's your last.
Uran. Sure Sir, the King's more just.
Pyrr. By Heaven, it's true.
Uran. Then Heav'ns more merciful; Unfortunate,
Unfortunate *Urania!* what canst thou do?
Pyrr. What? thou canst grant the King's desires and live:
Come, be brief, here's one at hand will have small
Pity on you.
Uran. Oh, my Lord, pity me, pity a distress'd Maid. [*Kneels and weeps.*
Pyrr. Pity your self, and pity a Prince that loves you:
Come, do not cast away your self; you're young,
And, if you please, may have many years to live,
(And pleasant Ones) be wise e'er it be too late.
Uran. My Lord! what shall I do?
Pyrr. Why, love the King ——
Uran. And must I lose my Innocence?
Pyrr. Come rise,
Urania live, the King will strait be with you —— [*Ex.* Pyrrhus.
Uran. Wretched *Urania*.
I am undone, for evermore undone;
Lost to the World, or Innocence; my choice
Is either to be wicked, or to die.
Oh Heaven! what black, what fatal Star
Gave sad Misfortune at my birth?
How happy had I been had I still dwelt
With those who wear poor Cloaths, and honour vertue?
Whose pure Chast Loves made Love a Deity!
What will my Mother say when she shall hear
Urania is not Innocent? and what
Will my brave Lover think; who near approach'd me
But with a Flame as pure, as that which burns

On holy *Vesta*'s Altars; no, no, die
Unfortunate, but chaste *Urania*,
Never be thrifty of that blood, which must
But serve to blush that it preserv'd it self.

Enter Endymion.

Endym. Ah, dear *Urania!* why these tears?

Uran. Oh, my Lord, *Urania* is undone!

Endym. Not so because *Endymion* lives; Know
Urania's ruine never can be writ
But with *Endymion*'s blood——

Uran. Undone beyond
All your relief, because to help me is
To be a Traytor now.

Endym. If to assist
My Queen, be to rebel, then let me wear
The glorious name of Traytor.

Uran. Ah, my Lord, you know not what I mean.

Endym. Yes, yes, (my Dear)
'Tis that for which I had rewarded *Pyrrhus*,
(Had not *Cleanthes* then call'd back my hand.)

Uran. I must this very hour consent, or die.

Endym. Have comfort; I will help you yet, but know,
My dear *Urania*, I have lov'd thee long,
And with a holy Flame, my Sighs and Tears
Have been as pure, as are those Cales and Springs
Which in *Elysium* do refresh the blest:
And yet thou hast not pitti'd him that loves thee,
Even though thou be'st as gentle, and as soft
As morning dew just melting into Air.

Uran. What shall I serve you in, my Lord?

Endym. Permit
Me to enjoy the Title of your Servant
And pay my fire with equal flames again.

Uran. My Lord, I were ingrateful if I should not.

Endym. Then be not so, (but to be short) I fear
The Kings approach, and therefore if thou'lt promise
This night to sleep within my Arms (being first
Authoriz'd by *Hymen*'s Priest)
I'll free thee from the Kings unlawful Love.

Uran. What's to be done in this sad Exigence?—— [*Aside.*
(*To him*) My Lord, I will, but satisfie me, how?

Endym. You must appoint the King to meet you there,
In yonder Grotto, and oblige him to
The Language, and the time of Love; soft Whispers,
And the Night; and I'll prepare
Some other Woman to supply your place;
This will gain time till to morrow, when

I'll

I'll own you to the King to be my Wife:
Then the respect to all my Loyal services
Will make him quench his now unruly Passion.
Uran. Ah, who will be so wicked as to meet him?
Endym. Enow, ne'er fear it.
Uran. Sure 'tis impossible!
What Woman would consent to such an Act?
Endym. Ten thousand, Madam!
Uran. But they shall not for me,
I'll rather chuse a Thousand times to die,
Than own a wretched Life, sav'd at the rate
Of so much Infamy.
Endym. Come, be content,
Chaste Soul; I'll do what you shall well approve;
My dear, I must retire, I fear the King:
Now act thy part, and then confide in me;
Be happy, fair *Urania*, I am blest
That my employment is to do thee service. [*Ex.* Endym.
Uran. Ah, dear *Endymion*! how could I weep
If tears were able but to wash away
The blackness of my Crime? now thou hast thought
To lead me from the Labyrinth of my Woes,
The next thing I must think must be to cheat
All thy Innocent expectations, which
Are every of them Honours to my self,
And Considerations in thy noble Soul;
I must endeavour at this very time
To frustrate all thy hopes, and cannot help it.—— [*weeps.*

Enter King.

King. And why with showers all day pou thus your Beams?
Uran. These Tears and more are due to my Misfortunes.
King. How's this, *Pyrrho* told me you had confessed.
Uran. With what face can I say yes to the King? [*Aside.*
The' I but feign confession, and mean to cheat him.——
It is immodest sure—— It cannot fit
A Womans Mouth.
King. Are you not yet resolv'd?
What means this doubt? Consent to my desires,
And you shall live ador'd and fear'd by all;
The Kingdom shall rejoyce at all your smiles,
And tremble at your frowns: but if you do not——
Uran. Is there no other way to save my life?
King. Come, do not trifle thus to temper my rage.
Uran. Good Sir, be not angry; I will.
King. My dear *Urania*! now be happy, let's withdraw.
This place is much too publick for our Love.——
Uran. Let me not lose all Modesty at once,

But let Sin take possession by degrees,
I have some sparks of Vertue yet remaining,
Which will require some time to quench.
King. I am impatient of delays, in this
My Expectation makes each hour a day;
Come follow me, and be obedient.
Uran. Stay but till night, my guilty blushes may
Be hid in darkness then, a season fit
For actions that may shame the wicked doers.
King. This, though it be hard to grant, I'll not deny.
Uran. And I beseech your Majesty let's Whisper so
That none may over-hear us when we meet;
I am now afraid of every little thing
That looks like danger.
King. Fear not; none shall hear us.
Uran. I have one thing more, but 'tis the chief of all.
King. Name it *Urania*, what e'er it be
After this boon of thine, there's not a thing
In all the World I can deny thee.
Uran. *Endymion* oft has made Addresses to me;
And has been still repuls'd, which makes him have
Such wary Eyes upon me, that I fear
I cannot be secure, but by his absence:
I beseech your Majesty, let him be sent
So far from Court, that he cannot return
Until to morrow morning at the soonest:
This Sir, upon my Knees, I beg you'll grant.
King. Rise, and ask something worth my giving.
Uran. I think this so; pray Sir, deny me not.
King. I'll instantly perform what you enjoin. —— [*Ex. King.*
Uran. Thus, thus, I must reward the brave *Endymion*;
Thus my Engagement to him is made void;
But I will recompence him with my Tears,
That's all the Expiation I can make.
Enter Neander *meeting her going out.*
Nean. Madam, your most obedient Servant.
Uran. Sir, I beseech you let me go. ——
Nean. How am I confounded with your Beauty? ——
Uran. I am not now disposed for Mirth, ——
Nean. So absolute that Nature seem'd to have collected
All her scatter'd strength ——
Uran. My Lord ——
Nean. To shew it in one perfect piece.
Uran. Detain me not ——
Nean. And has e'er since been idle ——
Uran. My Lord, the Princess expects me!
Nean. As if she had done enough in making you. ——

Uran.

Uran. I cannot ſtay. ——
Nean. Such an accompliſh'd beauty, that ——
Uran. What means this rudeneſs? ——
Nean. She ſeems to have out-done her ſelf. ——
Uran. Why *Neander*? ——
Nean. In this incomparable Model. ——
Uran. What torment's this?
Nean. She has ſhown ſuch admirable skill. ——
Uran. Oh! what Immodeſty is this? ——
Nean. That all ſubmit to your Victorious Eyes. ——
Uran. What have I done you ſhou'd affront me thus? ——
Nean. Which do like lightning dazle ——
Uran. For Heav'ns ſake let me go? ——
Nean. Whoſe high inſinuating pow'r is ſuch ——
Uran. I am oblig'd to you, Sir, Fare you well. [*She gets looſe, he follows her.*
Nean. It melts the Soul, though it does not
Touch the Body. —— [*Ex.* Urania.
So! now 'tis out; I had been moſt abominably heart burnt if I had kept it in; This Love Paſſion, if I had not vented it as it roſe, would have ſwell'd me as much as a Fit of the Mother.
Here comes *Evadne*?

Enter Evadne.

What can I ſay to her? 'Slife, I have ſpent all my Stock already. ——
Deareſt *Evadne*, faireſt Murdreſs, thou haſt
Slain *Neander* with thy pretty Eyes. [*Embraces her.*
Evad. And do you apprehend me for it, Sir?
Nean. This Flower in your Boſom is far happier than I; That fain would live, and you to kill it place it in your Boſom: I would fain live too, and you to kill me, thence will keep me out.
Evad. Here's ſuch killing and daying at Court,
That you had as good have gone to War with the Prince, for ought I ſee.
Nean. A death from your fair hand, I would embrace.
Evad. Ay, this kind of dying puts a Man to no pain, but to be run through the Lungs, or ſhot through the Body, is mighty inconvenient.
Nean. Ay, 'faith is it. ——
Evad. But 'tis honourable.
Nean. For my part, I cannot poſſibly find what honour there is in having Oyl-holes made in a Man's Body: 'Slife a Man's Body is not made to ſee through, is it? and yet I know ſome Duelling Coxcombs ſo often run through, as if their Bodies were intended Thorough-fares for Swords. ——
Evad. But I hope you have more prudence than to venture that danger.
Nean. If I be run through, may I be pickl'd up, when I am dead, like a Sturgeon, and be ſerv'd up to the Table of an old Mangy Uſurer.
Evad. I will ſay this in your Commendations, that when danger preſents it ſelf, I believe there is not a Man in all *Arcadia* ſo active as your ſelf, I mean ſo ſwift of Foot.
Nean. Not ſo, Madam, indifferent, indifferent!

Evad.

Evad. But suppose, Sir, I should stand in need of a Champion.

Nean. O Madam! your Eyes will revenge your Quarrels.

Evad. Or they must be unreveng'd for you.

Nean. Nay, Madam, in a Ladies Cause I can be a Lyon.

Evad. When you meet with a Lamb.

Nean. Nay, Madam! I have Courage, but I must confess, 'Tis a thing a man may better spare than any of his Goods and Chattels.

Evad. Yes, yes, you have Courage, witness the going to The War when you were commanded!

Nean. It was not want of that; but who the Devil, that had a plentiful Estate, like me, and might live among these pretty Ladies at the Court, would go to lie without Sheets, with Stones and Blocks for Pillows, and be most honourably Lowsie, and damnably maul'd, for a company of ungrateful Fellows, that live Luxuriously at home, and laugh at the Honourable Affairs abroad? and when they have done, they value these mighty Men of War, just as a man does a Creditor that Duns him for Money lent, which he never intended to pay.

Enter Geron.

Evad. What would this old jealous Fop have?

Ger. Nay, now I will not hang my self yet: I'll be reveng'd on this Lord first— My Lord —

Nean. Pox'o this Rogue, how I scorn any one that's below me, What say you, *Geron*?

(*Geron* aside.) Furies pursue him. How does your Lordship?

Nean. Very well! how does your Lady? [*Aside.*

Ger. 'Tis he has done it, a Curse on him.

Nean. Why, how now? what do you Conjure? what is the matter? [*To himself.*

Ger. I need not Conjure, I know the Father now.

Nean. Why, what do'st thou mutter, man?

Ger. My Lord! why should you ask for my Wife?

Nean. Because I am civil. [*Aside.*

Ger. Because I am a Cuckold.

Nean. Pox on thee, why do'st thou speak out?

Evad. Your Servant, my Lord; suppose by this time my Lord *Endymion* has left the Queen. [*Ex.*

Nean. I beseech you let me wait on your Ladyship.

Ger. This is the Man! this he; Why should he ask for my Wife? Suppose I have a Wife, what's that to him, must he needs be asking for her presently? This Rascal *Neander*, this Villain that I dare not say any thing to; not because he's Valiant, for then it would not grieve me, but because he's a Lord, which he could no more help, than I can that I am a Cuckold: Here's another Lord too.

Enter Endymion.

Endym. O *Geron*! how is it with you?

Ger. Your Servant, my Lord.

Endym. How does *Phroxyne*?

Ger.

Ger. Here's another, what two Lords to make one Cuckold?

Endym. What, are you mute? has any misfortune befaln your Wife?

Ger. Too much has befaln me I am sure: 'sDeath I am Cuckolded and laught at too: you do not well, my Lord, to vie me thus.

Endym. You make me wonder, *Geron!* what, are you distracted?

Ger. And you have made me a Cuckold among you, I am sure; a sweet one, I thank you for't. [*To himself.*

Enter a Page, and delivers a Letter to Endymion, *at which he withdraws a little.*

Ger. My Lord, I take my leave: you have bus'nes——— (*Aside.*) A Curse on you all. [*Ex.* Geron.

Endymion reads.

My Lord,

WE are informed that there happen'd last night a Mutiny in our Castle at Argos: *It is our pleasure therefore immediately on sight hereof, you take a convenient Number of our Light-horse, and go thither, and use your best Endeavours to appease it, and bring with you the principal Actors therein, to receive such punishment as their Crimes shall deserve.*

Basilius Rex.

Where will not misfortune find me out?
Sure Fortune has more Eyes than those that say
She has none: else how could she still hit
The self-same mark.———
This night, when I suppos'd within thy Arms,
Thy Arms, thy dear, to have scorn'd all the World,
To have pity'd Monarchs, and look'd down on Kings,
Thus to be hurri'd thence?—— but stay!—— I sin,
I sin like all the World, who never think
That every other part is well, if but
One Finger pains them. I am happy that.
I have gain'd her Love, which can no more,
Change than a Star his Course, or Fate
Her everlasting Laws; and I'me to fall
But one night of my Promise;—— but that night
Is a whole Age;—— yet I must go.—— O Heaven!——
I dare not go to take my leave of her:
One look of hers would tempt me to Rebellion.
Here she comes! Heaven! what shall I do?

Enter Cleantha *and* Urania.

Clean. My Lord!
In what Condition did you leave the Queen,
That she's retir'd at this unusual hour?

Endym. Madam, her Majesty was very well; but thoughtful!——
(*Aside*) How is my Loyalty already shaken———
I cannot longer endure the shock—— I'll write to her.

To excuse my absence. —— Your Highness humble Servant,
Your Servant, Madam. [*Ex.* Endymion.

Clean. He seem'd as if he had disorder in his
Thoughts, and yet methinks it does become him too. [*She sighs.*

Uran. Why does your Highness thus afflict your self?

Clean. Wretched *Cleantha*! yet too fortunate
In that which Fools call Happiness, O Fate!
Why do'st thou thus abuse the World, to make
Some high, some low; yet every one alike
Unhappy? what e'er our stations be,
We meet in this sad Center —— Misery.

Uran. Madam, you are more happy than you think you are.

Clean. Those whom Fate does destine to such Plagues,
As would break forth through private Windows, it
Does place in Mighty Palaces, and with
External splendor hides their inward griefs
From Common peoples Eyes, while they, poor Souls,
Admire what (did they understand) they'd pity.

Uran. How many that behold your Highness walk,
Attended by the proudest Youths of *Greece*,
And Gayer much than Tulips in the Spring,
Do think you, every Minute, happier far
Than Cowards, Condemn'd, are when their Pardon's read,
And every Lady in *Arcadia*,
But wretched, when compar'd to your bright Fortune.

Clean. Whilst poor *Cleantha*, at that very time,
Envy's some Village Maid, that Russet wears,
(The Livery of those Sheep she does attend)
And freely favours the poor Swain she loves,
And sleeps at night —— *Cleantha*'s oft admir'd,
And her great Titles reckon'd up, whilst she,
Does in her Closet, weep she is not less.
Poor *Endymion*! how little dar'st thou think
My Thoughts; or I dare say them to thee?

Uran. Should *Endymion* speak,
You then would hate him for his Confidence,
A Crime of which he never can be guilty.

Clean. Nay, should he speak, in that he would forfeit
The very thing I love him for, that rest
He finds in the *Elizium* of his thoughts,
And those true satisfactions which he takes
In being all the World unto himself.

Enter Evadne *and* Neander.

Evad. Sir, I beseech you do not follow me,
It would incense my Father much against me
If he shou'd see you.

Nean. Madam, never mind

What

What old gray People in their Wisdom talk of,
They'd Cross us out of envy to our youth;
For when the Wine of Love is drawn out of 'em,
They live some years by its Vinegar, spight.

Clean. Poor Lady, how she's pester'd with yon gaudy Nothing.

Enter Phronesia, *and after* Geron.

Phor. O Madam! we shall have a Ball to night,
The Queen will entertain his Majesty, and desires your Highness to be ready.

Clean. I attend her pleasure.

Ger. He'll take that Clogg of mine; how over-joy'd she is to have an opportunity to show her self, and lay baits for young Gudgeons?

Nean. Let me consider how I may look amiably in the sight of these Ladies; let me see, a Patch or two here, and a little more red here——very well; this Face of mine cannot chuse but charm them! *He pulls out of his Pocket a Looking-Glass.*

Ger. Well Minion, there's a Ball; but let me but see you dare to look upon any man but my self there, and by all the villanies of thy Sex, I'll tear thy flesh from thy bones, and hang thy Skeleton up in a Physick-School. *She shrinks from him.*

Clean. How now, *Geron*, what in passion with your Wife?

Ger. O no: and 'please your Highness I cannot be angry with any one I love so well.

Phor. Ah, Madam; he threats to tear my flesh from my bones, and 't please your Highness.

Clean. Geron! Do you know before whom you do this?

Ger. Certainly, my dear, thou art distracted, how com'st thou to mistake thy self so; Madam I have a great tenderness for her as I have for my own Eyes, Heaven knows.

Nean. They deserve much alike; his Eyes are Blood-shot, Rumatick and Blind, and his Wife Ugly, Insolent and Froward.

Ger. If thou knew'st, my dear *Phronesia*, how great a value I have for thee, thou would'st not thus have injur'd me.

Clean. So, this is well; but *Urania* and *Evadne*, let us go wait upon the Queen: *Neander*, stay you here. [*Ex.* Clean. Uran. Evad.

Nean. I like not that so well, I love this *Evadne* most abominably.

Ger. Prithee, my dear, harbour not so ill thoughts of thy loving Husband till death, *Geron*——you Strumpet, I'll make you know what 'tis to use me thus.

Phor. My Lord *Nean.* help, or this old Wizard will murder me; Avant *Belzebub*.

Nean. Hold *Geron!*
Here's a Fellow I may show my Valour on; [*Aside*
He is old, and cowardly: Oh, that all Hectors had the
Same discretion in the choice of their men that I have,
They would not be so often beaten as they are; Now
Will I prove as good a Knight Errant as the best of 'em,
And rescue this distress'd Lady.

Ger. Huswife, to morrow will come——

Phor. My Lord! 'Pray take my part against this wicked old jealous, toothless, impotent Fellow.

Nean. Do you hear, Sir! do but dare to think of injuring this Lady, and I will

take you, and slice you, and salt you, and broyl you upon a Grid-Iron, as they do a Neck of Mutton; Rogue, I will, look for't; Now methinks I huff as bravely as the best of 'em all; when I find no resistance.

Ger. A curse on him; without question this is he that has done me the injury: If I cannot get my Wife with Child, must he do't for me with a murrain to him?

Nean. What's that you mutter, Sir: Come immediately and Reverence this Lady, or by my Courage, (which 'thank Heaven he thinks too great to question) and by the Soul of my Friend *Alexander*, I'll make as many holes in thy old musty Body, as there are in the inside of a Dove-house.

Ger. I must do't; I may be cut off else in the flower of my age.

Nean. D' you hear, Sir, when I say the word, make your honour to her.

Phro. Ay, my Lord, teach him his duty to me.

Ger. Alas! your Lordship mistakes me, she is a most admirable Lady; I hold her next my heart.

Nean. Come, do't then, and look you serve her, and adore her, d'ye hear, Sir.

Ger. My dearest pretty Duckling, thy most humble servant to command.——

Phro. Ay, this is as it should be.——

Ger. (*with a kind look.*) Must you have your stallions, and your Bravo's too, you most abominable Strumpet; I will cut your throat infallibly.

Phro. Ah, my Lord, he threatens me again; I beseech your Lordship give him due correction for his insolence.

Ger. This is insufferable, that a Man must be afraid to chastise his own Wife for fear of her blustering Gallants.

Nean. You Hell-hound, come and be Friends with her, and kiss her instantly, or thou shalt not draw thy perfidious breath two minutes longer.—— Peace, peace, the Queen's a coming, Sir, I'll think of you another time!

Enter Priest *and* Queen.

Priest. Madam, I hope your Majesty will, in this
Slight trouble, still preserve that noble Temper
Which hitherto has guided all your actions.
The Sin is but in *Embryo*, yet we'll stifle it
Before it is brought forth; you have found
The Intention, and may well prevent the act.

Qu. I cannot but resent the injury,
My Lord intends to do himself, and me:
Poor Prince! I pity him, and oh that Heaven
Won'd do so too, and vouchafe one beam
To his benighted Breast, to let him see
How mean a thing it is, softly to creep, at
Cowardly Midnight, to his bed of sin:
But I am resolv'd to hide my resentments,
And design'd this little Entertainment for that
Purpose——Here comes the King.

Enter King *and* Pyrrhus.

Pyrr. Sir! *Urania* assures me she will not
Fail as soon as the Dance is over.

King. Go you, and see your Grotto then prepar'd.

Pyrr.

Pyrr. It shall be fitted for the Scene of Love.
I shall make haste to wait on your Commands.
King. Then all I have to do is to make some fair
Pretence to the Queen for my absence:
How does my Queen? what, no more Company?
Queen. I need none, now I have found my Lord, who is to me all Company.
King. She still obliges me so, I cannot think
Of my *Urania*'s Love, but with regret.
Queen. Will your Majesty please to sit and see this Entry.
King. With all my heart. { *Dance with Gittars*
Queen. How does this please you, Sir? { *and Castanietta's.*
King. I am a little disorder'd on the sudden; I am not well.
Queen. Heav'n guard you, Sir, what is the matter?
King. 'Tis not much, but I hope this nights rest will make me well.
Queen. Sure, Sir, you do not well to tarry here.
King. I do not, Madam; I'll retire: Good night.
Queen. Nay, give me leave, Sir, to attend you.
King. No! I will not draw you from the Entertainment this pleasant Evening may afford you, Madam.
Queen. Alas! dear Sir! you injure me to think that that same Evening that gives pain to you; can give me pleasure.
King. My dear! I am not sick.
I only am a little indispos'd,
I'll beg your pardon to retire this night,
But pray stay you, and take no further care,
Till at your own apartment I see you
To morrow morning.
Queen. Sir! your will is still my Law.
King. Once more good Night —— [*Exit.*
Queen. Poor Prince! now little do'st thou think
How soon thou art to meet with her thou fly'st,
That Wife that still has been so constant!
Oh! how ridiculous
Just Heaven does make the ways of men,
When they forsake the ways of Vertue.
This brave Prince,
(At whose Victorious Armies *Greece* now trembles)
When he contrives inglorious actions, shall
At the same time, be pity'd by his Servants,
And a poor Girle shall up-braid him, in
Contriving to preserve him vertuous:
How do men ravel back to Child-hood, when
They cease to be thy Children, Sacred Vertue!
And need the Care of every little person,
That what they call for, may not do 'em harm.
Priest. Not to be subject to temptation is
A priviledge only had in th' other World,

And yet I hope, Madam, what you design
Will him from his intended Crime defend,
Use you the means, and Heaven will crown the End. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter King *and* Pyrrhus.

King. GOod morrow, my Lord.
Pyrr. A good day to your Majesty.
A day as pleasant as your night has been.
King. Ah, *Pyrrhus!* I wish it indeed.
Pyrr. I hope your Majesty has been well enough diverted
This night ——
King. Yes, my Lord, tho' not as you suppose,
I've been diverted from those wild desires
That made me first injure my self, and then
Unlord my Confident, but I have ask'd pardon
Of Heaven, and my own Majesty, and now
I beg it too from you, my Loyal *Pyrrhus*;
Forgive me that I have profan'd thy faith,
By such Commands that thou art bound to ask
Blest Heav'n forgiveness for thy Loyalty.
Pyrr. Your Majesty I hope will give me leave
To wonder at this Change, and understand it,
When you shall please to think me fit for't.
King. I'll tell thee all —— when now the Night
Grew black enough to hide a sculking action,
I softly stole
To yonder Grotto, through the upper Walks,
And there found my *Urania*; but I found her,
I found her, *Pyrrhus*, not a Mistress, but
A Goddess rather, which made me to be,
No more her Lover, but her Worshipper:
She only whisper'd to me as she promis'd,
Yet never heard I any voice so loud,
And tho' her Words were gentler far than those
That holy Priests do speak to dying Saints;
Yet never Thunder signifi'd so much.
Pyrr. 'Plague of her whispering, if this Change be true,
I am in a sweet Condition —— [*Aside.*
King. And what did make still more impression on me,
Methought her whispers were my injur'd Queens,
Her manner just like hers, and when she urg'd

[Among

(Among a thousand things) the injury
I did the faithfull'st Princess in the World,
Who now suppos'd me sick, and was perchance
Upon her Knees off'ring up holy Vows
For him who mock'd both Heav'n, and her.
Pyrr. This is very fine i'faith!
King. When she urg'd this, and wept, and spake so like
My poor deluded Queen, *Pyrrhus*; I trembled,
And my hot raging blood straight turn'd to Ice,
I being perswaded that it was her Angel
Spoke through *Urania*'s Lips, who for her sake
Took care of me as something she much Lov'd.
Pyrr. (*aside.*) These are unhappy qualmes for me, I have
No way to keep his favour now, for I am sure
I am good for nothing else, but what he last
Employ'd me in; but how did you leave her, Sir?
King. Urania still is chaste, but how do'st think
I shall reward her for this vertuous Action?
Pyrr. A Curse on her——— [*Aside*
There are ten thousand ways, Sir.
King. No, no, for this I must undo her now.
Pyrr. You make me wonder, Sir.
King. You know she told me,
Endymion was her Servant (a rare man)
That can love Vertue where he sees her poor;
And I shall be constrain'd to banish him
To some remoter Island, unless he'll be
(Which I much doubt) content to marry her,
Within few days.
Pyrr. This is all news.
King. It is:
But *Pyrrhus*, thou art worthy of my secrets,
And therefore know, I've lately learnt *Cleantha*,
Loves nothing but *Endymion*: tho' she has
(Thou know'st) a Prince that courts her high in Birth,
And Fortune too: One worthy of our alliance,
The Prince of *Macedon*, who by his Father was
Engag'd to marry the King of *Thrace*'s eldest Daughter:
But that was hindered by the late rebellion
Where the pious King of *Thrace* by his inhumane
Subjects was basely murder'd, and his Queen and two
Daughters forc'd to fly for their safety, and never
Since were heard of.
Pyrr. The great *Cleopatra*, with her Eldest, who was grown,
A Woman, and another who was a little Child.
King. The same: But since the loss of all these Princesses,
The Prince's affections have engag'd him here,

That

That was his Fathers Choice, but this his own;
Yet she slights all his Addresses, and last night
I was inform'd 'twas only for the sake
Of this *Endymion*, the certainty
I hope to know from our good Priest, whom I
Employ'd to sound her resolutions,
Whence I shall soon discern *Endymion*'s Fate.

Pyrr. But does *Endymion* know *Cleantha* loves him?

King, I am told he does not: all that can be gather'd
Is but from some few words, she was by chance
O'reheard to say unto her self, too big
For her own breasts Confinement, and too secret
It seems for any others Ear.
But heark! what's yonder? [*Trumpet within.*

Pyrr. I believe *Endymion* is return'd.

King Go and enquire the News of him; I must to' th'
Queen, the Shepherds are to entertain me here in this
Adjoyning Grove with some of our *Arcadian* sports,
As they do once a Month: but here's my Niece.——
Niece! A good morning to you.—— [*Enter* Cleantha.
What makes you abroad so early?

Clean. To take the pleasant Air of this Garden.

King. Much good may it do you: I'll leave you to your thoughts.

Clean. Heaven bless you—— [*Ex.* King.
——when ev'ry thing is green
Must poor *Cleantha* only wither, and never
Know a Spring? Was I made only high
Like *Rhodope*, and *Hæmus*, or the Alps,
To dwell with everlasting Winter? to wear Snow,
When every Valley is adorn'd with Roses?
Well I must die, then I may also be
Happy as other Folks; the Grave looks Wistly,
Like my Fortune, there I shall not see
Poor Villagers more blest in Love than I,
And there I shall be able to make appear
Cleantha and *Endymion* equal are;
Then possibly some of *Cleantha*'s Earth
May prove a little Flower, and look fresher
Than when it was a part of a great Princess.

Enter Urania.

Uran. Madam! the Queen expects your Highness.

Clean. I'll wait on her—— [*Exit.* Cleantha.

Uran. *Endymion* is return'd! what shall I do?
To be at once both Just and Civil too.
If I could satisfie *Endymion*'s Love,
I shou'd unjust to great *Theander* prove,
That Prince who to so mean a thing and

(Bred

(Bred in a little Cottage) did bestow
His Noble Heart, which is a Present fit
For any Princess fruitful *Greece* can boast of:
From whom if I could give my Love, I would not.
Why did I give my Promise then last night?
And yet the Generous *Endymion*
Will sure forgive me when he knows the Cause:
He's here; Heaven forgive me, what I'm forc'd to.

Enter Endymion.

Endym. Madam! I come upon my Knees to beg your pardon.

Uran. My Lord, it is not well to mock me further,
You have deluded me enough already:
Thus we that are so easie to bestow
Our Love, the greatest Treasure we possess,
Are still neglected by ungrateful men;
But I had thought to have found more truth in you.

Endym. Madam! 'twas my allegiance forc'd me from you.

Uran. Those men, who dare offer such injuries,
Never want boldness to excuse their Crimes.

Endym. Had I refus'd t'obey my Kings Command,
You could not think me Worthy of your Love.

Uran. (*aside.*) He speaks a truth, I ought, but dare not own,
What a fond Fool was I to be so forward
In trusting a Court Lord, to believe
You e'er would marry one of my mean Fortune.

Endym. Dear *Urania*, I appeal to' th' Gods
Who are honour'd when they'r witnesses to truth.

Uran. Make no more Vows, I am not to be deceiv'd agen,
I was too foolish to believe your last: Farewel, my Lord.
(*Aside.*) The Powers above forgive me. [*Exit* Uran.

Endym. How much unlike *Urania* is this passion?
Who us'd to be all calm and gentle still:
And sure would be so, did not my unlucky
Stars, that never meant me good, incline
Her to this Anger.—— [*Enter* Neander.

Nean. Your Servant, my Lord!

Endym. 'Curse on this vain Fop—— [*Ex.* Endym.

Nean. Are you so stout; Farewel——Well! I wonder whom the Devil intends I shall marry with? I have been a Servant, as they call't; that is, I have ly'd, sworn, and spent Money upon every Lady about the Court, and still am as far from having one of them as the very'st Eunuch is; nay, more, for they say, Eunuchs have a Trick now a-days to please the Ladies exceedingly:—— I was in most hopes of *Evadne*, and love her best: but the old Priest forbids her to see me, or speak with me; here she comes!—— I will force her to hear me——*Enter* Evand. Dear Apple of my Eye! why this haste? thou hast wounded me, *in haste.* and then thou fly'st me.

Evad. There is a sufficient reason for't.

Nean.

Nean. Muſt then *Neander* die?

Evad. My reaſon is obedience.

Nean. Obedience to a Prieſt! we have liv'd to a fine age to be govern'd by that Tribe i'faith.

Evad. That Prieſt is my Father.

Nean. Ay, and an incomparable father too! that will chuſe no Husband for you but a heavy headed Fool, that is afraid to ſwear, thinks moſt old Women Witches, and believes that dead folks walk.

Evad. Let me go! why do I talk with this vain piece of Frippery.

Nean. Well, I perceive you will hear no more of your Servant —— [*Ex.* Evad. What Sot in all *Arcadia*, but this old bald'd Hackney Prieſt, would not marry his Daughter to my Eſtate, tho' I were the arranteſt Coxcomb in *Greece*? So he might have ſaid his Daughter my Lady, ſuch a one, and talk of her Gentlemen Uſhers, her Pages, and her Women, who would care whether her Husband were a Philoſopher or no? poor *Evadne*, thy mother dy'd too ſoon for thee; ſhe, good Woman, would have made a hard ſhift to have ſat at the upper end of my Lord *Neander*'s Table, to have had occaſion to have made up a fine Mouth, and have ſaid to *Evadne*, Daughter, you don't help my Lord, *&c.* well! I'll be aveng'd on ſome body for this.

Enter Geron.

Ger. For my Wife, I have ſecur'd her under two double Locks and Keys; the Devil's in't if ſhe breaks priſon now: I'll keep her from theſe publick Meetings: She, like a Strumpet, was mad to be at this entertainment of the Shepherds.

Nean. Here's a Fellow in a worſe condition with a Wife, than I am for want of one.

Ger. Hell take this Lord! muſt I ſtill ſee him where e'er I go —— My Lord, your moſt obedient Servant.

Nean. Geron! how is it?

Ger. How is what? but let it be how it will, I care not.

Nean. How does your Wife?

Ger. Furies ſeize this damn'd Lord! —— [*Aſide.* My honour'd Lord! my Wife is at your Lordſhip's ſervice. 'Plague on him, he has made, I believe, too bold with her already —— Is ſhe here —— I ſhall be undone, Cuckolded, abus'd; what will become of me? I am ſure I lock'd her faſt.

Enter King, Queen, Clean. Uran. Evad. Phro. Endym. Prieſt, (*and all the Court,*)

Queen. Geron! let me once more hear of this ill uſage of your Wife, and I'll baniſh you the Court.

Ger. A curſe on her, muſt ſhe appeal to the Queen too.

King. Have you ſpoke with the Princeſs.

Prieſt. I have Sir, and when I preſt her to it, ſhe confeſt to me ſhe lov'd *Endym.* tho' at firſt ſhe was unwilling to own it.

King. What a misfortune is this to me: ſome ſpeedy care muſt be taken —— But come let us take our places, and hear what theſe Shepherds will afford us.

Queen. I am infinitely pleas'd with 'em, they are
The happi'eſt innocent'ſt people in the World.

SCENE

SCENE draws, and Shepherds and Shepherdesses are discover'd lying under the Shades of Trees, at the appearance of the King and Court; one arises and sings as follows, *In Stilo recitativo.*

I.

SHepherds awake, the God of day does rise,
Bedeck'd with all the Glories of the Skies,
And round about scatters his heat and light,
And dazles all our sight.

{ Here they rise, and bow to the King and
{ Court, and one sings on.

In vain the Persians, *heretofore,*
Did their dull God of light adore,
Since we have one can give us more:
By whose bright influence, we enjoy
(What other Nations toil for long)
Life without Labour; full of Joy,
And free from all Oppressors wrong.

Cho. of 2. { *Here our own proper Flocks of Sheep*
We may in pleasant safety keep.

Here a perpetual Spring does cloath the Earth,
And makes it fruitful with each seasons birth.
In this fair Climate every day
Is fresh and green as May,
And here no beauty can decay.

Cho. of 3. { *Thus, thus live we*
As the Elements free
Each day and each night
Is Crown'd with delight
Without either Envy or Strife
This is the Jolly Shepherds life.

2.

Free from all Cares in pleasant Shades,
And fragrant Bowers, we spend the day;
(Bowers which no Heat, nor Cold invades,
Which all the year are fresh and gay)
Each does his loving Mate embrace,
And in soft pleasures melts the hours away,
So innocently that no Fate

Of Nymph or Shepherd can a guilt betray:
And having Ease, the Nurse of Poetry,
We sing the Stories of our Loves,
As Chaste as Turtle-Doves,
Free from all Fear and Jealousie,
From every envious Eye:
For every Man possesses but his own,
No Shepherd sighs, nor Shepherdess does frown:
No Ambition here is found,
But to be Crown'd
Lord or Lady of the May;
And on the Solemn Day,
For Singing to have praise
Or for inditing to deserve the Bayes.
Thus, thus live we, &c.

In the Cool Evening, on the Lawns we play,
And merrily pass our [illegible]
We dance, and run, and pipe, and sing,
And wrastle in a Ring,
For some gaudy Wreaths of Flowers,
Cropt from the fruitful Fields, and Bowers,
By some pretty Nymphs [illegible]
By their fair hands to be dispos'd,
To those ambitious Shepherds, [illegible]
With Vertuous Emulation [illegible]
What may deserve the Garlands, and (obtain'd)
Are prouder far than Princes that have gain'd)
In sight their Valours prize,
Or over stubborn Nations Victories;
Whil'st in the adjoyning Grove the Nightingale
Does tell her mournful Tale,
And does our Pleasures grace,
With each Note,
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet
From her pretty jugging, jugging throat,
It does each Breast inspire
With loving heat and with Poetick Fire.
Thus, thus live we, &c.

We live a loof from Destiny,
(That only quarrells with the Great)
And in this Calm retreat,
(Content with Nature uncorrupted) we
From splendid miseries of Courts are free

From pomp, and noise, from pride, and fear,
From factions, from divisions clear,
Free from brave boggery, smiling strife.
This is indeed a Life:
No slaws in Titles vex our Cares,
Nor quarrel we for what's our own,
No noise of War invades our Ears,
We suffer not the Rage of Sword, or Gown.
Our little Cabans stronger are,
Than Palaces, to keep out wees;
Nor ever take we Care
To fortify 'gainst any Foes;
But little showers of rain, or hail,
Which seldom do this place assail.
Thus, thus live we, &c.

Here the Shepherds and Shepherdesses take hands round, and Dance, as they sing the following Song, and at the end of the Song they fall into the Figure they must Dance in.

1.

THus all our Life long we are frolick and gay,
And, instead of Cuers-Revels, we merrily play
At Trap, and at Feels, and at Barlibreak run,
At Goff, and at Stool-ball, and when we have done
Cho. { *These Innocent Sports, we laugh, and lie down,*
And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

2.

We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry
The Partridge, the Hare, and the Pheasants our Quarry:
The nimble Squirrels with Cudgels we chase,
And the little pretty Lark we betray with a Glass,
And when we have done, we laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty, &c.

3.

About the May-pole we dance all around,
And with Garlands of Pinks, and of Roses are Crown'd;
Our little kind Tributes we cheerfully pay
To the gay Lord, and to the bright Lady of the May.
And when we have done, &c.

4.

With our delicate Nymphs we bliss and we toy,
What all others but Dream of, we daily enjoy;

With our fleet heards we dally so long till we find
Their pretty Eyes [illegible] their hearts were grown kind:
And when we have done, we lay by and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown.

Enter a Messenger.

King. What means this Messenger?
Mess. Great Sir, *Theander* now has gain'd in *Thessaly*
A perfect Conquest over all our Enemies,
Having o'erthrown them in one fatal Battle,
He has reduc'd them to obedience.
King. The Powers above be prais'd;
Let me know the particulars.
Uran. (*to her self.*) How am I transported with this happy News!
My heart is yet too narrow for my joy:
My prayers were heard, the brave *Theander* safe,
And comes in Triumph too.
Mess. He bid me say,
He will be here to morrow e'er night, and then he'll
Give your Majesty a full account of all the War.
Uran. (*to her self.*) And shall I see the God-like man to morrow?
Let me contain my self a little.
Endym. Madam! are you resolv'd still to persist in Cruelty?
Uran. Endymion, forgive me. [*Aside.*
Sir, I acquainted you with my resolutions.
King. This Evening we will Celebrate the Victory,
And give the Gods our thanks and praises for't.
[*Exeunt all but* Urania *and* Cleantha.
Uran. I am privately told by *Eyadne*, that her Father
Has discover'd your Highness's Love to the King,
And that the King has secretly resolv'd to banish
Endymion.
Clean. O Gods! banish *Endymion*, and leave *Uranie* to come
To me.
Uran. I will ——— [*Ex.* Urania.
Clean. Wretched *Cleantha!* is thy Love a crime?
A crime to him thou lov'st? must it be sinne
To a person, if thou but affect it?
Have I some plague that I must thus destroy
Whom I embrace? or is my Destiny
Grown Paradoxical, and proves my Love
To be true Hatred? ———
O Death! thou art not half so cruel yet,
In thy destructions of the prosp'rous,
As in not killing Wretches that would die.

Exeunt.

Enter Endymion.

Endym. *Urania* does not well to treat me thus:
I took no leave of her, but I have told her
The reasons why my Love forbad it me,
Yet she persists in cruelty.

Clean. He's here———
His count'nance betokens grief.

Endym. To be thus angry and accuse me of
Slighting a poor deluded Maid
In spight of all my Vows of Love to her——
The Princess still is gracious to me:
I had best intreat her to perswade my now
Provok'd *Urania*——She's here;
But she's alone, I dare not interrupt her Thoughts.

Clean. Good morrow, my Lord.

Endym. Your pardon, Madam, if unthought of, I
Have rush'd on your Retirement.

Clean. Your Presence will better it.
'Pray what News from *Argos?*

Endym. Madam, the report was [illegible] last night to *Cleare*
Had nothing in't of truth: I found all quiet,
But only for the disturbance which we made
Our selves by our Arrival in the Night.

Clean. I am glad, my Lord, your danger was no more.

Endym. You oblige me, Madam, to undergo
Much greater danger for your Highness [illegible]
This could have prov'd.

Clean. My Lord! you have already
Serv'd me beyond what I can recompence.

Endym. Madam! 'thas been your Highness's pleasure still
To honour with too great respects the little
Merits of your mean Servant, who's advanc'd
When numbred in the lowest rank of those
That have been Fortunate to do you service.

Clean. You add still to my debts, my Lord, yet are
No ways injurious, since you make me rich
In having such a Noble Creditor:
But pray, my Lord, tell me, (for and [illegible]
Much in your Fortunes) what's the Cause
Your Lordship has not [illegible]
Upon your looks which heretofore appear'd.

Endym. Madam, it is for you to wear that rest who are
Plac'd in that upper Region where there is
No Wind, but a little Bark, [illegible]
Of a great Sea, subject to every Wave,
And every gust of Wind, can ne'er [illegible]
To [illegible] State.

Clean. My Lord; you have some griefs that are particular.

Endym. For my troubles, Madam,
Alas! their objects would appear so small
To your great Eye, you'd think I did affront you,
Shou'd I dare say them to you. Could the Lyon
In his Midnight-walks hear some poor Worms
Complain for want of little drops of dew,
What pity could that noble Creature have,
Who never wanted small things, for those poor
Ambitions? yet these are their concernments,
And but for want of these they pine and die.

Clean. I hope, my Lord, what is your trouble may
Not be augmented by my knowing it,
Else I shall never think ought small that can
So much affect you, nor beneath my Cure
To seek to remedy what gives you pain.

Endym. Great Princess! you undo me with your Honours:
My blood turns all to blushes, Madam;
I must obey your Highnesse's Commands,
And thank you for 'em too, since in your knowledge
Of what afflicts me is my Remedy.

Clean. What will he tell me, He[illegible] love him. [*Aside.*

Endym. Madam, I long have lov'd [illegible]

Clean. Lov'd whom?

Endym. The fair *Urania* who [illegible]

Clean. } Forgive me poor *Endym*[illegible]
aside.) } What I of all the World ought least to say:
Indeed, my Lord, I never could have guess[illegible] [*Trim.*
Your Melancholy had so much a Cause;
I could not think you [illegible]
Your Family and Name to love,
So low a person.

Endym. Madam! I well know
Grania was a Shepherdess, and born
In a low Cottage, 'mongst those [illegible]
Whom honour seldom visits, but yet she,
Like to a Star mistaken of its Sphere,
Grew so conspicuous 'mongst those [illegible]
That brave *Theander* had no sooner spy'd her,
But he became all Wonder, and thought [illegible]
Present for your Highness, an Advan[illegible]
Few Families can boast [illegible]

Clean. But her Birth is mean.

Endym. You cast your eyes upon her [illegible]
Of Birth, and Fortune too, and see her low
Whil'st that some other Princess bor[illegible]
But not under so happy Stars, may think

Her

Her Birth more Noble, 'cause more free, and less
Subject to Fate.

Clean. Wretched *Cleantha!* now *Endymion* says
Thou art unhappy——But
My passion is now authoriz'd, and I
Must speak: tell me, my Lord, and truly too,
Should I make it my Care to chuse you a Mistress
Fair as *Urania*, and as vertuous too,
Extracted from a Family would give
Lustre to yours, although it were as mean
As hers you court now: Say, would you not leave
Urania who does seem to slight
All your Respects for her.

Endym. Should your Highness condescend to chuse
A Torment for me, it were Impudence
In me to chuse ought else: but that's all blest
Which is so like *Urania*.

Clean. So like to her?
Her Birth is very low; perhaps her Mind
As low as that.

Endym. Madam! *Urania* may
Find thousands of more Merit than
The poor *Endymion*, who durst never measure
Himself but by the passion he had for her.

Clean. Sure 'twas his modesty, he might have thriven
Much better, possibly, had the Ambition
Been greater much——they oftentimes take more pains
Who look for Pins, than those who look for Stars.

Endym. Those who look for Stars, must be provided
With Arts and Glasses, and such costly things
As humble men must be content to want.

Clean. For Stars of greatest Magnitude you need
Only to fix your eyes, and they'll appear
By their own light, and all you have to do
Is to receive those beams they cast upon you.

Endym. } What can this mean? —— But, Madam, 'tis hard,
Aside.) } To fix our eyes aright upon that part
Of Heaven where those Stars inhabit, if
We have not some directions first.

Clean. Indeed, those, who look downwards, ought to be directed
To look above them, to the highest Sphere;
(For there they are) then I am apt to think
Their task would not prove hard——my Lord, I blush
Thus to instruct you in Astronomy.

Endym. I am lost in wonder:—— [*Aside.*
Madam, 'tis not strange
If I'm proud of what you blush at, but

I am

I am sure your unbounded wit to motion
Will with much greater reason quite deny it.

Clean. My Lord, you think no Woman can be constant
To what she says a days, but your *Urania*:
But till you have try'd, pray have more Charity,
You'll after have more Faith: my Lord, Farewel:
The Gods forgive my breach of Modesty. [*Aside.*

Endym. What have I heard!
Was't not enough to lose my dear *Urania*,
Unless I also did adore the hand
That snatch'd her from me, *Cleanthe* loves *Endymion*;
But Fool it cannot be; he't may I know
Her noble breast harbour a thought so low. —— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Neander.

Nean. I Was (at least in my own conceit) in probability of winning the sweet *Evadne*; and now, that not only her ugly Father, but the Queen too should forbid her to see me or speak to me, is what I cannot, will not bear: Though Fate it self cry, I shall do it, I am resolv'd that old grey Priest and his Mistress the Queen, shall be the subjects of my Revenge: and yet I am not ambitious to show my Valour so far, as to be hang'd for another —— I think I ha't: If I can do this, 'twill be the sweetest part of my Revenge, to live, and tread, and spit upon their Graves. I have sent for *Geron* a Rogue fit for my purpose, for he is covetous to extremity, and I have Gold to bribe him, and which is lucky above my wishes, the Priest and Queen have cherish'd him lately, and countenance'd his Wife against him, which torments him so, that I believe he would be glad to be hang'd on any terms. —— Here he is.

Enter Geron.

Ger. Confume him, he Is here ——

Nean. Dear *Geron*, let him embrace thee that
Perhaps is thy best Friend. [*Aside.*

Ger. Perhaps, with a Curse to him —— [*Aside.*
No, my Lord, you are a Friend to my Wife.

Nean. Geron! give me your hand.

Ger. Would I had your Heart's blood. —— [*Aside.*

Nean. Give me your hand, *Geron*.

Ger. My good Lord! you do me too much honour.

Nean. I beg your pardon heartily that I presum'd to
Count'nance your wife, impertinent, ill-natur'd, vain
Wife against you, you that are so worthy an honest Knight,
It was ignorance of her, and you made me do it. I protest it was.

Ger. What the Devil does he mean by this? —— [*Aside.*

Nean.

Nean. Upon my Honour, *Geron*, it was; had I not been a ſtranger to her ill Qualities.

Ger. I am afraid you know 'em too well—— [*Aſide.*

Nean. I ſhould never have encourag'd her in her Inſolence to you.

Ger. What does all this tend to?—— [*Aſide.*

Nean. For I am well ſatisfi'd, a Man, eſpecially an old Man that has had experience of the vanity of the World, ought to have an abſolute Dominion over his Wife.

Ger. My Lord, this is a Truth! I would you had acknowledg'd ſooner; for my abominable Wife, inſtead of being humbled, is encourag'd by the Court.

Nean. I know though too late now, your Wife is froward, fooliſh, petulant, wanton, proud, expenſive, diſobedient, ungrateful.——

Ger. 'Tis too true; but a plague on him, I am afraid he has made ſhift with her with all theſe faults —— my good Lord ——.

Nean. What ſays my dear Friend, give me leave to call you ſo: (*aſide.*) whom I would not give two Drachma's to ſave from a Gibbet.

Ger. I would fain be ſatisfi'd of one ſcruple.

Nean. Speak it.

Ger. I beſeech your Lordſhip be not angry——

Nean. My dear *Geron*, I cannot be with thee.

Ger. My Lord! were you never a little familiar or ſo with——

Nean. Whom?

Ger. My Wife, my Lord, in private; I mean in a civil way.

Nean. I am not to interpret your meaning, but upon my honour I was never alone with her in my life, nor ever will I be if I can avoid it——

Ger. Is your Lordſhip in earneſt?

Nean. Upon my Honour, *Geron*.

Ger. Honour, that's a word for ſome, who call themſelves men of Honour to borrow Money with; it is a tenure they Mortgage, as often as they do their Lands, and forfeit the Mortgage too; and yet they wou'd have both their Honours and Eſtates paſs for Security, as if there were no incumbrance upon either.

Nean. Do'ſt thou diſtruſt me, Friend? I could never endure her, ſhe's ſo ugly, ſo abominably ugly.

Ger. So ugly, my Lord, I did not think you wou'd have abus'd my Wife thus; ſo ugly, I'de have your Lordſhip know there is not her fellow in the Court—— 'Pox on her ſhe's but too handſome for me.

Nean. Nay, 'prethee, *Geron*, be not offended; my Nature is ſo juſt to all my Friends, that their Wives, though ne'er ſo beautiful appear to me deform'd; and if thou doubteſt my Friendſhip, make tryal of me, let me know how I can ſerve thee.

Ger. I humbly thank your Lordſhip—— Sure he muſt be in earneſt; but I'll try: My Lord, you have an Intereſt here, the Queen and Prieſt have given me ſo ſevere Rebukes about my damnable Wife, that they have encourag'd her to be ten times more troubleſome and inſolent than ever, my life is now become a Torment to me.

Nean. And wilt thou tamely put up this Injury?

Ger. I would it were in my power to help it.

Nean. It is man ———

Ger What says your Lordship.

Nean. It shall be, and I'll joyn with thee in the Revenge.

Ger. Now do I hope he'll plot some Treason, that I may accuse him, and beg his Estate for't.

Nean. I will propound to him, but if I see him waver in the buis'ness, I'll make the first accusation, and hang him for't. *Geron*, in short, I am not injur'd less than you; the Queen and Priest have cross me in my Love, and kept the fair *Evadne* from my embraces, the only thing I hop'd for pleasure in.

Ger. My Lord, I know the story.

Nean. If you will joyn with me and help me to effect my Revenge, you will not only be reveng'd your self, but I will give you twenty Talents to boot.

Ger. Twenty Talents! a delicious sum, how I could embrace 'em.

Nean. We may contrive some way to make the King jealous of the Priest and Queen, thou know'st the Queen extreamly favours that old Priest.

Ger. 'Tis for his piety she esteems him so.

Nean. Piety! hang him! —— but however we may design it so; that that Piety may look like Treason.

Ger. As how, my Lord?

Nean. Let us contrive some private meeting for them in yonder Grotto that may look suspiciously, then bring the King to see it; joyn with me, and thou shalt have the Talents, man.

Ger. I am very fearful; but Twenty Talents! —— a Revenge to boot —— ha! —— I'll venture it.

Nean. Have courage man ——
Which Heaven knows is a thing I neither have, nor desire to have. [*Aside.*

Ger. Your Lordship has prevail'd, and now I'll put you in a way: As I was watching my Wives haunts, I overheard the Queen and *Endymion*, saying, that the King had forc'd *Urania* to appoint a private meeting with him in the Grotto, and the Queen resolv'd to supply her place, to keep the King from his intended Crime.

Nean. What then?

Ger. We may feign a Tale to the Queen, that the King has this Night resum'd his desires, and that *Urania* has promis'd it in earnest.

Nean. But *Urania* will contradict that ——

Ger. No; she ask'd the Princess liberty to leave the Court a day or two for some private business or other, and is now absent.

Nean. Excellent, *Geron!* but how shall we carry this story?

Ger. My Wife; who shall still be ignorant of the matter.

Nean. Admirably invented: thou shalt have the Talents; besides, if thy Wife shou'd discover thee or me, if she be question'd, we'll face her down in't and she shall hang for't.

Ger. That Argument prevails with me more then the Talents: whether she betrays us or no, we'll do that, my Lord.

Nean. With all my heart, excellent *Geron:* for the Priest, thou shalt go to him, and subtilly perswade him, that the Queen has made an appointment to meet me in the Grotto, and that I to avoid suspicion am to be in Womans cloaths.

Ger.

Ger. My Lord, he'll ne'r believe it.

Nean. Do thou confirm it by ten thousand Oaths.

Ger. That will be dang'rous.

Nean. Not at all: But think on the Talents, and the death of thy Wife, man: Thou may'st perswade the Priest to meet her to prevent it in a Womans loose habit, and then bring the King to see them.

Ger. But the Priest will soon undeceive the King.

Nean. No, no, fear not that, the King will be so inrag'd: 'tis ten to one he kills 'em both without examination; if not, you and I, who will be the first Accusers will swear 'em both down in't; think upon Revenge and Profit.

Ger. My Lord! I'll do't about the time of this Evening Sacrifice for the Victory of *Theander*.

Enter Endymion *with a Guard.*

Ger. What means this?

Nean. O *Endymion*'s banish'd.
And this Guard is to convey him out of the
Kings Dominions; let him be hang'd and
He will——let us about our business—— [*Ex.* Geron *and* Nean.

Endym. May I not see the Princess for
Whom I am banish'd before I go?

Officer. No, no, along, Sir.

1. *Sould.* 'Pray, Sir, go a little faster.

2. *Sould.* Prithee, let the Gentleman alone, soft
And fair goes far, and the Gentleman
Considers he has far to go.

Endym. Farewel then, brave *Cleantha*, may'st thou never
Once think *Endymion* suffers for thy sake:
And farewel, dear *Urania*, I will love thee
On those hard Rocks I now must dwell upon.

Officer. What's this muttering? along, Sir.

2. *Sould.* Good Gentleman! he's loth to leave the Princess
I warrant him.

Enter Cleantha.

1. *Sould.* Here she comes.

Endym. The Princess!——Great Princess, pardon
My glorious sufferings; forgive me that [*Kneels.*
I ever saw the Light, or liv'd a Minute:
Thus you are injur'd thus by him whose being
Is not worth your meanest thought.

Clean. Ah, my Lord, affront me not:
Rise, brave *Endymion*! 'Tis my misfortune:
Thou art too low already.

Endym. Fortune made me low to be advanc'd by a hand
More Worthy than her own. [*Rises.*

Clean. My Noble Lord!
I have undone you! what can I give you now
In recompence of Liberty, and all

The pleasures you must loose
In a sad banishment, for her who only
Can be afflicted at your sufferings.
Endym. Madam, you have enough to give to pay
So mean a debt, if you will call it one
A thousand times.
Clean. Name it, and take it, dear
Endymion, though it be my life.
Endym. Madam!
Then grant me this request: use every art
To make your hours as blest as I shall pray
They may be many; and never let a Thought
E'er represent to your remembrance more
Unfortunate *Endymion*: then shall I be
Among the desolations of my Fortune
Happy, to think the brave *Cleantha*'s happy,
And wears a Crown, and lives ador'd: what then
Tho' I live in an obscure banishment.
Offic. Sir, this is what was forbidden us to permit you;
You must away, Sir —— [*Takes him by the Arm.*
Clean. Impudent Villain, dar'st thou interrupt a person I am talking with.
Offic. Yes, Madam, when I have the Kings Commands to do it.
Endym. Madam; these persons do their Duty, they are the
Hands of Fate, that pull me from you —— Sacred Princess,
All that is bliss attend you—— [*He kneels to kiss her Hand.*
Clean. My Lord, farewel!
Take this Ring and remember me:
Know that *Cleantha* loves you, and will never
Be happy till *Endymion* makes her so.
Endym. I cannot doubt but Heaven will prosper what
Is so like it self: blest Princess, take my prayers,
Heav'n thinks not fit to entrust me with ought else.
Clean. Farewel, and with thee all my happiness!
Offic. Come, Sir, when will you go?
Endym. Thus Fate directs me, what I now must do,
To serve my Shepherdess, and Princess too.
Endymion falls; but to the first he dies
A Lover, to the last, a Sacrifice —— [*Ex. Endymion with Guards.*
Clean. Heaven! Heaven! where was thy mercy then,
When thou mad'st Life so great a pain, and Death
A sin? Did'st thou create great Souls but to
Affront them with thy greater power?
If by my power
With the King I cannot get him recall'd,
I am resolv'd privately to follow him; and spend
My days with him that has my heart.

Enter

Enter Phroneſia.

Phro. Madam! why does your Highneſs thus ſubmit to grief,

Clean. Have I not reaſon for't?

Phro. Madam, your Highneſs ſhou'd ſtudy to forget *Endymion* now.

Clean. Forget him (fooliſh Woman) I ſooner ſhall
Forget that I have Eyes, forget I have
A Memory! Shall brave *Endymion* live
In baniſhment for me, and I forget him?
Sure thou would'ſt mind me of him, if I ſhou'd.

Phro. Well, Madam, I wiſh your Highneſs does not
Remember him too much; I am glad you are
Alive yet for my part.

Clean. Indeed I ſpeak, and do the Offices of life,
But ſay, *Phroneſia*;
Did'ſt never ſee a Tree cut down i'the Spring
A while put forth his Buds and Leaves, as if
He'd been alive until that ſap was ſpent
Which he had ſuck'd from his life-giving root,
And then he wither'd?

Enter King and Queen.

King. How do you, Niece?

Queen. We are come to viſit you in the abſence of your Lover.

Clean. Your Majeſties do always do me honour.

Queen. Indeed you ought to thank thoſe who do you honour,
When you forget to do it your ſelf.

King. Cleantha! you are too wiſe, I hope, to be
Afflicted at *Endymion*'s baniſhment.

Clean. Sir! what ſo e'er my Troubles are, as they
Are my own, ſo I ſhall endeavour not
To make 'em any others.

King. You ought to look to the Juſtice of
The Action, and be ſatisfi'd

Clean. Indeed there's little Mercy in't; if that be
Moſt Juſt, that is moſt Cruel, this is ſo.

King. The action I have done is juſt: I thought it ſo,
And I have done it, and you muſt be patient.

Clean. Your Majeſty may pleaſe to know, that I ſhall
Have that regard to my ſelf, as not to ſuffer
My impatience to be troubleſome to others.

King. You grieve for *Endymion*, when all *Arcadia*
Rejoyces at the Victory of
Theander, which this Evening we ſhall Celebrate
With Sacrifices, and with other Rites, for whom
We will prepare a publick Triumph:
Compoſe your ſelf, and let not others ſee
Your ſhame.

A

Clean.

Clean. My Shame they ne'er [*Aside.*
Shall see; call it my Glory, so it is.

Enter Pyrrhus.

Pyrr. Sir, the Sacrifice is ready for the
Altar, and the Priests wait your Royal Presence
For the Execution.

King. Niece! think on what I've said, and follow us. [*Ex.* King *and* Pyrr.

Queen. Come, dear *Cleantha*, 'prithee be not sad,
The Prince of *Macedon* will be fitter for
Your Noble Blood which is deriv'd from Kings.

Clean. And some other will be fitter for him
Than I, unless he likes a broken heart.
Besides, the Prince is contracted already to
The Queen of *Thrace*'s eldest Daughter.

Queen. She is long since dead.

Clean. Who can tell that, Madam; I am apt to believe
If she had her Kingdom yet, the Prince would find
Her out.

Enter Phoenesia.

Queen. What News with you?

Phro. News that does import your Majesty—— [*Whisper.*

Enter Geron.

Ger. Madam! the Queen and your Highness are expected at the Temple; this will be a night of Joy.

Clean. That brings me nought but sorrow; the name of Joy
Is odious to me, since *Endymion*'s gone.

Queen. Art thou sure of this *Phoenesia*?

Phro. Yes, Madam, doubt it not.

Queen. The Gods amend all once more, I'll prevent it:
But first I'll to the Temple; come *Cleantha*.

Ger. What have you told the Queen
What I enjoyn'd you?

Phro. I have, and she is resolv'd to circumvent him: Come to the Temple, haste.—— [*Ex.* Phro.

Ger. Thus far it goes well; I have with many Oaths and Protestations confirm'd the Priest in the belief that *Neander* in Womans cloaths is this night to meet the Queen: it takes admirably—— the Talents are my own, and this Wife of mine is dead already.

The Scene changes to the Temple.

After the Sacrifice, there is a Consort of Martial Musick, and two or three of the *Salii* or Priests of *Mars* sing as follows.

ALL Praises to the God of War,
Who in our Battles gives Success,
By whom we now Victorious are,
Who does not only us with Conquests bless,

But

But 'tis his Pow'r that gives us Peace,
Arcadia now may safely that enjoy,
Thessalians cannot that destroy:
For brave Theander *has our Foes oppress,*
And by his Noble Toyls procur'd our Rest.

2.

In vain they did their heedless Force oppose,
Against such Courage and such Conduct too,
Such as requir'd more strong and numerous Foes
Fit for his Noble Fury to subdue.
Oh how he thunder'd in the Van,
Godlike he threaten'd, and did more than man:
His Glorious Rage did them impart
A Flame into the coldest heart;
All by his great Example did appear,
To slight their Dangers, and disclaim their Fear.
He ought to none his Laurel to submit,
But to our Patron Mars *the Cause of it.*

3.

Now the Armies meet, and vigorously engage,
(Each man reaking with Sweat, with Blood besmear'd)
The boist'rous Seas in all their wildest Rage
Were ne'er so rough as then that Field appear'd.
The clangor of the Trumpets sounds,
The roaring Drums thunder aloud;
Some howl with anguish of their Wounds
Whilst others hollow in the crowd.
A Cloud of Arrows flies, Spears, Javelings break,
Horses by neighing do their Courage speak,
The clattering Swords against the Shields rebound,
And all this Noise the ecchoing Hills resound.

4.

This dreadful Valley over-flows with Blood,
Streaming from Fountains of fresh bleeding Veins,
Horses with Humane gore make up the Flood,
And undistinguish'd with their purple Stains,
Besmear the Valley every where
While brave Theander *void of fear,*
So generously fought,
That he at length the rash Thessalians *taught*
That all resistance was but vain,
And could of him nothing obtain,
But serv'd but to prolong their pain.

Then

Then they themſelves and uſeleſs Weapons yield,
With all the Spoils and Trophies of the Field.

Cho. { *Thus brave* Theander *has our Foes oppreſt,*
{ *And by his Noble Toyls procur'd our Reſt.*

Martial Dance.

King. 'Tis very well! Come, Madam.

Queen. Sir, I muſt have ſome few Minutes diſcourſe with
This good Prieſt, and then I'll wait on you.

King. Haſte then, do not defer your joy; I'm ſure
It cannot trouble you to ſee this Night dedicated
To your belov'd *Theander.*

Queen. My joy is rather too intemperate: { *Exit King, manent*
Poor Prince, little doſt thou think I am { *Queen and Prieſt.*
Acquainted with thy Guilt, and thy too great
Unkindneſs! O Holy Father! this night the King
Afreſh has kindled his foul Luſt, he has
Once more tempted *Urania*, and I hear
She is ſeduc'd in earneſt, and this day has ſeem'd
To leave the Court on purpoſe to avoid
Suſpicion.

Prieſt. Ye Gods that I ſhould ever live to ſee
The Queen that was ſo ſpotleſs in her Honour
Perverted thus: what Fury or Devil does this?

Queen. Sir, 'Pray give me your wiſe Counſel as you
Still have done.

Prieſt. What an abject thing diſſimulation is? below
One of her birth to ſuffer, much leſs uſe. [*Aſide*

Queen. Father! what ſay you?

Prieſt. I know too well already what ſhe'll do — I'll try her — Madam, do as you did before;
And though you cannot cure this ſeavourish Love,
Anticipate all further Crimes.

Queen. I did reſolve to do it.

Prieſt. I knew that but too well already; the
Gods forgive you: with *Neander* too the
Vaineſt Trifle of the Court? how am I afflicted!

Queen. Well, Sir, I'll away, and ſtrive to hide my reſentment,
The better to carry on my deſign.

Prieſt. Heaven bleſs you, Madam —— *to her* —— [*Exit Queen.*
(*To him-*) And make you ſee your Crime
ſelf.) { In it's own horrid ſhape e'er you attempt it,
And yet ſhe bears it with ſo much aſſurance,
I could believe her Innocent, yet why
Should *Geron* dare to invoke all the Gods
To teſtifie it; if it be falſe, what can

Provoke

Provoke him to this Villany? If true,
She never will acknowledge it to me
What e'er it be; 'tis worth my venturing
To be undeceiv'd. *Ex.*

SCENE III.

Enter King, Geron *and* Pyrrhus.

King. Is't possible? my Queen an Adultereſs?
It cannot be: Be ſure, Sir, if you accuſe her
Falſly, ye ſhall not only die, but
Linger out a wretched life in torments.
Ger. Sir! if I lye, let me have what death
The witti'ſt cruelty can invent.
Pyrr. I am amaz'd! the Queen and Prieſt
In Womans cloaths? ſtrange Circumſtance
To meet in the Grotto, this Night? ſure 'tis
Impoſſible.
Ger. Sir, I am content to die for't, if you ſee not your
Self all this to Night.
King. In the mean time, you'll be content to be ſecur'd?
Ger. Sir, with all my heart.
King. Guard! take *Geron* and ſecure him till further order.

Enter Guard, and ſeizes him.

Pyrr. Sir! this dreadful news amazes me!
King. Ah, *Pyrrhus!* in this very Grotto
I met *Urania*, and forgot the Queen,
Tho' then I thought her faithful,
And as free from any Carnal thoughts
As are departed Souls in th' other world.
Pyrr. The Gods grant this meeting prove no worſe
Than that did.
King. O Heav'n! methinks I ſee 'em already in their Luſt, yet ſure it cannot be; if I find this Accuſation falſe, it had been better for this fellow he never had been born.
Pyrr. Sir, you may yet prevent it.
King. I may for this time, but I will not harbour
That Devil Jealouſie within my Breaſt
For all this World can give me: I am reſolv'd
To ſee the certainty my ſelf; and if
It prove untrue, my Queen ſhall live with freedom,
As ſhe has ever done, in all my thoughts,
And her Accuſer fall her Sacrifice:
But if ſhe can forget her former Vertue,
I can take as much pleaſure to ſee her blood
Drop from the fatal Sword, as e'er I did
To ſee it bluſhing on her Cheek, when firſt
I thought her modeſt.
Look! where they come——

Enter Queen and Prieſt.

Let us withdraw; it may be we ſhall
Diſcover ſomething.

Prieſt. And nothing is more Common
Than this, which is not thought a ſin, becauſe
It ſeems an Impulſe of Nature.

King. Hear'ſt thou, *Pyrrhus*? I am diſtracted!

Queen. The King.

Prieſt. All happineſs attend your Majeſty.

King. I muſt contain! how do you, Madam?

Queen. Always happy whil'ſt your Majeſty is ſo.

King. And what are you diſcourſing of?

Queen. Nothing! but good with this good perſon here.

King. What's that you talk of which is not ſin
Becauſe an impulſe of Nature?——

Queen. What do you mean, Sir?

Prieſt. I know not how we came by chance to ſpeak
How little wantonneſs is thought a ſin,
Becauſe it ſeemeth an impulſe of Nature.
Whereas the Vertuous ſtill fix their Eyes
On the Command, not the Temptation,
And think't enough, if what Heaven gives as Law
Be poſſible, although not natural.
(*Aſide.*) I would I had no cauſe to have ſaid it to her.

King. 'Tis well put off——I ſhall never hold—— [*Aſide.*
To hear this Hypocrite——I muſt leave you——

Queen. I'll wait upon your Majeſty! if it may not be a trouble.

King. To you it may be—— [*Ex. King.*

Queen. I ſee he's unwilling to diſappoint *Urania*—— [*Ex. Queen.*

Prieſt No, ſhe's rather unwilling to diſappoint *Neander*——well, for all her cunning, I'll prevent her, my Lord, farewel—— [*Ex. Prieſt.*

Pyrr. If I dar'd to diſobey my Prince, I could prevent
This Tragedy, but what Kings
Pleaſe to Command requires obedience, not
Examination: when they once have judg'd,
'Tis want of Judgement if we dare judge too——

Enter King.

King. Pyrrhus! I had forgot one thing, thou
Know'ſt the Prince is expected here to morrow,
And I believe he'll be here early too: It will
Be neceſſary his coming be retarded,
Till the buſineſs be done, that I may know
With what face to receive him, after
All the glorious Actions he has done, I
Would not for a World he ſhould arrive
Before the Examination be over.

Pyrr. It will be an unhappy entertainment for his Highneſs:

Would your Majesty have me go my self?

King. If thou canst handsomely do it, and be back early in the morning; it is but riding all night; in the morning I shall want you.

Pyrr. I shall do it with much ease, if it be your Majesties pleasure.

King. I leave you to frame an excuse to the Prince.

Pyrr. I'll go immediately; I hope I shall meet better news to morrow.—— *Ex.*

King. I fear it:
Thus we with them in plotting do consent;
But they plot Crimes, and we plot Punishment:
And little think they in how small a time,
Poor Fools, my Justice shall o'ertake their Crime.
Men were too happy if they understood,
There is no safety but in being Good.—— [*Ex.*

ACT V.

Enter Basilius *Rex.*

King. UNfortunate *Basilius!* yet durst I judge
Those happy Essences that dwell in light;
And cannot err: I should be apt to say
My punishment exceeds my Crime: for that
Went never further than th' intention, and
Enter Pyrrhus.
My suff'rance is real.—— *Pyrrhus* undone!
My Eyes are witnesses; I saw them both
Enter the Grotto.

Pyrr. The Priest in Womans cloaths!

King. All's true; The Queen has been already
Examin'd by the Councel: all she says
Is that she's Innocent; but will not say
The cause which mov'd her to an action so
Suspected, tho' she dye for't: But such, *Pyrrhus*,
Are never Innocent, who are asham'd
To vindicate their Deeds, when their Lives
Are at Stake.

Pyrr. Your Majesty was not present?

King. No, I leave them totally to Justice, I shall
Make the Law their Judge.

Pyrr. But, Sir! what says the Priest?

King. I now expect to hear th' Examination,
It has been very long, two hours at least:
It's bad enough for certain; here it comes!
Enter a Lord of the Council.
My Lord, you have been long; but I expect

No good; and therefore care not if you had
Been longer.

Lord. Sir, before I can satisfie your expectations,
I must humbly pray you will be pleas'd to pardon
The intreating your answer to a Question
On which all we have done depends.

King. What's that?

Lord. I may seem too insolent: but the whole Truth
Of all the examination does depend
Upon't; that is, whether your Majesty
Did not one night Command a little Lady,
That waits on the Princess, one *Urania*,
To attend you in that Grotto, where
The Queen and Priest were seiz'd on.

King. I did.

Lord. And she was there?

King. She was.

Lord. Is your Majesty assur'd it was she, or might it be the Queen?

King. Ha! —— her whispers were like the Queens: *Pyrrhus* knows I told him so.

Lord. Be happy then Great Prince;
Your Queen is innocent; your Priest is holy,
And *Geron* and *Neander* only are
The Criminals.

King. Are you assur'd of this?

Lord. Yes, Sir; it was the Hellish contrivance of *Geron* and *Neander* brought them both together.

King. Why did not the Queen reveal this?

Lord. She rather would have di'd than have disclos'd
Your Summons to *Urania*, which with your Majesties
Pardon, she's pleas'd to call your dishonour.

King. My Lord, it was; but pray relieve my wonder,
And tell me the whole Story.

Lord. Sir, in this Confession of *Geron* and *Neander*, and *Phronesia*, which we, (having found them tripping in some part of the Story) by threatning Tortures, have extorted from 'em: Your Majesty may fully read the story of the innocence of the Queen and Priest, and of the guilt of these barbarous Wretches.

King. Bless'd Heaven! how are thy ways just like thy Orbes,
Involv'd within each other: yet still we find
Thy Judgements are like Comets that do blaze,
And fright, but die with all, whil'st all thy Mercies
Are like the Stars which oft-times are obscur'd,
But still remain the same behind the Clouds.

Pyrr. May all your doubts and fears thus terminate!

Lord. Thus are you shaken to be more confirm'd.

King. Send for *Urania*, *Pyrrhus*: she shall wear
This day the just rewards of Virtue;

Will visit my brave Queen, who rather chose
To die unjustly as a Criminal
Than I should justly be so term'd,
For which I will proclaim my Fault, since she
Will have the Glory of concealing it.

Enter Evadne.

Evad. The King seems pleas'd, as he has reason.

King. My Lord! let the Council remove
Into the Hall, where before all the Court
I'll bring my Queen in Triumph there to hear
Her base Accusers sentenc'd.—— [*Ex. all but* Evadne.

Evad. I was told I should find *Cleantha* here——
Why did I beg to leave my Cell?
(Where I did never injure any one)
To see this place, and in so little time
To do more mischief than whole Generations
Can parallel? how much
Had it been better I had ever dwelt
In those Retirements, where small Sins seem great,
And great Devotions small, than to be here
Where the blood of Queens and Priests had like
To have been sacrific'd to the Malice of
Wicked men? (had not the Gods taken the Cause
Into their hands.) —— Madam, the

Enter Cleantha.

Queen commanded me to wait on your
Highness, with the good news of her Innocence
Being fully clear'd.

Clean. I did expect no less: the Gods had been
Unjust to'have left such Vertue in distress,
They had injur'd too themselves, as well as her:
For should such Innocence as hers not be
Protected: their Altars would be empty,
'Tis Justice makes 'em Deities. I should be
O'rejoy'd at this, if any thing could make
Me so, when my *Endymion* mourns.

Evad. Madam, I beseech you moderate your Grief,
At least conceal it in this time of joy;
The Queen desires your company too: your Highness
Therefore will do well to hide your passion.

Clean. As well may Frames of greatest Cities be
Conceal'd from neighbouring Villages, as I
Can hide my Love and Grief: but I will wait
Upon her Majesty: she knows my Afflictions
But too well already.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter at the other door Marſhal with a Guard, and Neander, Geron, *and* Phroneſia,

Marſh. Come away, make haſte, is it fit the King and Council ſhould ſtay for you, or you for them?

Nean. They may let my buſineſs alone if they pleaſe: I am not in ſuch haſte to have it diſpatch'd.

Ger. Well! I ſhall be hang'd; but I hope you ſhall be hang'd with me, my damn'd Wife.

Phro. No, you old Raſcal, I am with Child you Villain, all the Court knows that well enough; I ſhall be ſpar'd, for I have an intereſt among them.

Ger. Ay, too much! 'tis that has brought me to this.

Marſh. Come on, or I'll make you come on; what are you muttering there? my Lord, come on.

Nean. Well, well! Lord, you are ſo cholerick, you won't give a man leave to ſay his pray'rs a little, that never did before.

Marſh. Come on.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lords of the Council, and ſeat themſelves, a Guard of Souldiers with Neander, Geron *and* Phroneſia, *conducting them to the Bar, then the King leading his Queen Crown'd, with a Royal Robe on her, after them the Prieſt,* Cleantha *and Attendants.*

Thus from the Priſon to the Throne
Virtue comes to claim her own,
And now appears
Upon the Throne a Starr
Who lately at the Bar
Stood with no other Jewels but her Tears,
Great Queen,
Great Queen,
Who ever was ſo well content
To ſuffer, and be Innocent,
To ſuffer, and be Innocent.

Enter a Gentleman leading Urania.

King. The fair *Urania*, Madam, I muſt this day
Do honour to this Virgin; and ſince it is
To Noble Natures a more pleaſing task
To give Rewards to Vertue, than Puniſhments
To Vice; I'll in the firſt place ſhew
How lovely Juſtice looks when we are good,
And only Sin makes her ſeem terrible.
Urania! come near.

Ger. Ah, great King!
Urania's place I fear will be nearer
The Bar, than the Throne.

Chan.

Clean. How's this?
King. What mean'ſt thou?
Gent. See, Sir, ſee,
Thoſe Cheeks that lately Beauty wore, now pale
With guilt.
King. Her Crime!
Gent. She is with Child.
Clean. It is impoſſible; ſhe cannot diſſemble ſo much Vertue,
I'll engage my Life ſhe's innocent.
King. How know you this?
Gent. Sir, being ſent in haſte by my Lord *Pyrrhus*,
To bring her to your Majeſty, by chance
I learn'd of one o' th' Servants of the Princeſs
Near to what place he thought ſhe was:
I made enquiry there, at a ſmall Houſe
I was acquainted at; the Woman told me,
She thought ſhe I enquir'd for was in the Houſe,
And asking of me many Circumſtances,
She told me it was ſurely ſhe: but told me too,
As a great Secret, that ſhe was with Child,
But that ſhe ſaid ſhe was marri'd;
As did her Mother who this morning left her.
At this I went to *Urania*, who confeſs'd it,
But would not tell me who her Husband was,
And was very loth to come with me, though
I told her, your Majeſty had ſent for her.
King. And is this truth, *Urania?*
1. *Lord.* Speak to the King.
Uran. 'Tis true.
King. And who's your Husband?
Lord. Be not aſham'd to name your Husband, Madam,
'Twill be your ſhame if you name none.
Uran. I am not aſham'd to name him, but afraid ——
King. Who is't, ſpeak?
Uran. I dare not diſobey, and by my Lord
Am authoriz'd to name him, when
My Honour ſhall be queſtion'd, who's more tender
Of that, than of his own.
1. *Lord.* Name him!
Uran. It is the Great *Theander?*
Queen. The Prince!
King. What are you marri'd to the Prince!
Marri'd to *Theander?* —— [*Riſes in a Fury.*
Uran. O pardon me, Great King,
That I refus'd not to be taken from
A Cottage, to the boſome of a Prince,
On ſuch Conditions as we dar'd to call

The

The Gods to witneſs.

King. Whether ſhe be his Wife,
Or only dares affirm it, though ſhe were
More to me than my Eyes, ſhe ſhould
Die e'er I ſleep.

Clean. Upon my Knees I beg,
Great Sir, you will recall this haſty Sentence;
It is the Prince's fault, not hers.

King. I will hear
No Interceſſions —— by the Honour of a King,
I ſwear it. —— The Prince in ſome few hours
Will be in Town; —— if what ſhe ſays be falſe,
This news ſhall be his welcome: but if true,
'Tis fit his coming be too late to ſave her.

Uran. Ah, Great Prince, pity the diſtreſs'd who has
No friend to plead her Cauſe; all I affirm
Is truth; *Theander* is my Witneſs, ſee
That Noble Name; this I receiv'd from him
Not three days ſince.

{ *Takes a Letter out of her boſome.*

[*King reads it and gives it to the Queen.*

King. 'Tis ſo; but know *Urania!*
My Crown would prove too heavy for your off-ſpring,
Fit only for Cottages; it will behove you to
Prepare for death this day within two hours.

Queen. Sir, hold!

Clean. I beſeech your Majeſty ——

King. I charge you on your Loyalty to hold;
I ſwear again this day within two hours
I'll ſee her head off; Marſhal take her hence,
Let all things be prepar'd.

Uran. Is there no Mercy then? Heav'n help me!
Nothing lies heavy on me but the thoughts of
Parting with *Theander*.

Clean. Poor *Urania!* I'll follow, and ſpeak ſome comfort
To her to prepare her for her Death.

King. My Lords, had not this Accident befaln me
I had been too bleſt: Wiſe Heav'n does ſee't as fit
In all our Joys, to give us ſome allays,
As in our ſorrows Comforts: when our Sails
Are fill'd with happi'ſt Winds, then we need moſt
Some heavineſs to ballaſt us: I am afflicted
For poor *Urania*; —— but the Gods have ſure
Rewards in death for thoſe who fall, not for
Their Crimes, but through a kind of ſad neceſſity.
Bring in the reſt of the Priſ'ners.

1. *Lord.* This Sentence on *Urania* is ſevere.

2. *Lord.* But Juſt; for by our Law, whoever marries the Heir to the Crown, without the Conſent of King and Council, is to ſuffer death.

Enter

Enter Marshal, with Geron, Neander, *and* Phronesia.

King. I am to proceed now to a far more willing Task:
The sentencing of those most wicked persons at the Bar.

Nean. Sir! for Heavens sake, mercy, mercy, I beg it on my Knees! O spare my life.

1. *Lord.* Silence.

Nean. Upon my Honour, Sir.——

King. So great a Villain, and talk of Honour.

Nean. O spare me! I am not fit to die! mercy, mercy——

King. You'r more unfit to live; I do adjudge you——

Nean. Hold, hold, great Sir!

2. *Lord.* Stop his Mouth till the Sentence be past.

King. Neander, I condemn to lose his Head to morrow, which I will have plac'd over his Lodgings. Take him away.

Nean. Oh! that ever I was born to see this day!——oh, oh——.

[*Ex. Marsh. and* Neander.

Ger. Must I be cut off in the Flower of my Age! mercy,
Mercy, Sir, I was provok'd by my Lord *Neander*. [*Marsh. returns.*

King. Peace Hell-hound! I do adjudge *Geron* to be hang'd, then cut in pieces to morrow, and to be cast among Dogs to be devour'd.

1. *Lord.* Take him hence.

Ger. Oh, oh! yet if that Strumpet be condemn'd too,
'Twill be some comfort to me.—— [*Ex. Marsh. with* Geron.

Phro. What will become of me?

King. For *Phronesia!*

Phro. O Sir! I am with Child, I am with Child; I beseech you, Sir, kill not that within me, make me not miscarry.

2. *Lord.* Woman be silent.

Phro. A Woman, and be silent, it is impossible, I must speak; I cannot die, I must not die, I cannot endure it.

King. You shall not die, but suffer perpetual Banishment; what she did was by command from her Husband.

Phro. 'Thank your Majesty! I am glad to live, if it were for
Nothing but to see my Husband die.

King. Thus now I hope to expiate the thoughts
I've had of my chaste Queen, and Holy Priest,
Through these mens wickedness; and teach the World
That such who dare be Traytors to their King,
Do on themselves the certain'st ruine bring.

Queen. I pity those poor Wretches!

King. Come, Madam;
I must now go to see that done which will
Be much the saddest sight I ever saw,
But the Prince will be so suddenly in Town,
I must see it dispatch'd forthwith.—— [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Neander, Geron, *and* Phronesia *in Prison.*

Nean. My Head cut off? I have not patience to think on't! Oh miserable, wretched man! Oh my head!

Phro. Your Lordship will not look so gracefully without a Head, though it be none of the best.

Nean. Peace, wicked Woman!

Ger. O vile Woman! 'tis you that have brought me to this! must I be cut in pieces?

Phro. Truly, loving Husband, you must, and be given to Dogs too, but they'll have but ill Commons of you; you will be mighty tough; besides, you have so many diseases, that if you were divided into as many pieces as there are hairs in your Beard, each Morsel would own a several Malady: for my part, I would not advise any Dog that I have a kindness for, to taste of you, for fear of endangering his health.

Ger. O thou abominable filthy Hag, if thou wert to be serv'd so first, it would not trouble me.

Phro. O Sir, you would have drawn me in, but I shall live to tread upon your Grave! you know it were ill manners for me to be hang'd before my Husband! but how does your Lordship? will you have some Greek-wine to comfort your cold stomach, you'll die with the fear on't else before to morrow morning; but I beseech you, my Lord, do not forget, if you do live till then, to have a Nose-gay, and a pair of white Gloves, with clean Linnen too, for the Execution! Men of quality are always very cleanly when they go to be hang'd.

Nean. O! what will become of me? I shall never be able to endure it. Oh! you old cowardly Sot! this comes of your confessing, Rogue.

Ger. This may thank your villainous design, with a curse to you, I was only drawn in.

Nean. You deserv'd to be hang'd, Rascal, and will be so.

Ger. 'Twill be some comfort to me to have a Lord suffer with me, but 'twould be more honour to me, if that Lord were a wiser man.

Nean. O! you old Dog! that I could come at you.

Ger. That I could poyson you with my breath, but that 'twould put you out of your pain, which is your immoderate fear.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Peace be here!

Phro. You come as seasonably as can be, for the Traytors are at Civil War.

Priest. Away, Woman, and interrupt them not.

Phro. I will not take my leave on you, for I intend to see my dear Husband again, at least before you be cut into Messes, Farewel —— [*Ex.* Phro.

Priest. I am now come to speak to you as dying men.

Nean. Ay, ay, you old Rascal *Geron*, whom may that thank?

Ger. A villainous Lord that corrupted a poor innocent man as I was: a curse on him for drawing me in.

Nean. A curse upon an old Cowardly Rogue, to let his fear betray us.

Priest. Come, 'tis not now a season to quarrel with one another, but to make peace with the Gods: I am come to prepare you for your deaths, and first, *Neander*, I begin with you.

Nean.

Nean. 'Pray, Sir, begin with him, he needs it most! he has always been the most perfidious, impious Wretch.

Ger. I need it most? I scorn to be prepar'd any more than your self, if you go to that, with that ugly, pocky Whore-masters face of your own.

Nean. Sir, it's no matter what he says; he has as much malice to good men, as Whores have to honest Women.

Priest. I must first begin with you, my Lord.

Ger. Look there, he knows who has most need on't.

Nean. Peace, Wizard, peace! do you say this to me?

Priest. Peace, stupid Wretches, I command you: and confess, and repent of your most horrid Crimes.

Nean. Well, Sir, I have done; and I do confess from the bottom of my heart—O you old dry, raw-bon'd, wretched, decrepit Cuckold you, to bring me to this.

Priest. Heav'n! what impiety is this?

Ger. Ay, Sir! you see his Devotion? O! Villainous wicked man.

Priest. Sir! hold your Tongue! my Lord, 'tis time now to be sensible of your sad condition.

Ger. Ay, Sir! so it is, if you knew as much as I do of his wickedness, you'd say so.

Nean. Well, Sir! I do confess, I'll torment the Rogue [*Aside.*
I have many sins to repent of——First——I have been naught with that old Fellow's Wife.

Priest. The Gods forgive you.

Ger. What do I hear? Hell and Furies!

Priest. Do you repent of it?

Nean. Yes, Sir; it was a horrid Crime.

Ger. O Villain! I'll be reveng'd of him! it was a horrid Crime indeed; 'twas Incest, for he is my Son, about five or six and twenty years ago, his Mother and I were a little familiar.

Priest. O impious men! you are too near of kin in wickedness.

Nean. He like a Villain brought his Wife to me, and drew me in; Oh wretched pimp!

Priest. Hard-hearted Wretches, will nothing awake you?

Enter Marshal.

Marsh. Sir, *Urania* is just ready to go to Execution, and you are expected to assist her.

Priest. Poor Lady; I'll wait on her! Gentlemen consider your turns are next—

Ex. Priest and Marshal.

Nean. } O! what will become of me? [*They roar aloud.*
Ger. }

Nean. What will become of you, you Rascal; what will become of me, I am a Lord, you old Dog.

Ger. A Villainous Wretch, what care I for a Lord: what will become of me!

[*Exeunt* Geron *and* Neander.

Enter Urania (*in White, with Guards; Muſicians clouth'd in White, and other Attendants in a ſolemn Proceſſion*) *led between two Gentlemen in mourning: As they go, this Song is ſung, to a ſolemn Tune.*

Lovers Lament, Lament this fatal day,
When Beauties ſweeteſt Bud is ſnatch'd away:
Unhappy Nymph, that could ſo wretched prove,
To ſuffer ſo for ſuch a Noble Love:
A Love which was her Glory, not Offence:
The Gods will ſure reward ſuch Innocence,
Within thoſe ever ſpringing Groves, where ſhe
Shall from diſaſters in her Love be free;
Whither her Lov'd Theander *ſhall repair*
In her Eternal Joy, to claim his ſhare.

There appears a Scaffold cover'd with Black, and Urania *led between two Gentlemen in Black: The King looks to ſee the Execution* [*above.*]

King. Poor *Urania!* did I not fear the Prince's coming,
I could not ſee ſo ſad a Spectacle: but I'll retire a little.

2. *Gent. lead up* Urania *to the Scaffold, and ſhe having wip'd her Eyes, ſpeaks to the people.*

Uran. Did any thing but my own Innocence
Lie now at ſtake, I ſhould not dare to ſpeak,
Before ſo many Perſons, (but though I
Muſt quite deſpair of Mercy in this World,
I hope I may find Charity, and that
The good will credit a poor dying Perſon,
Altho' ſhe bring no Witneſs but her Vows:
All I am now condemn'd for, is my Birth,
Which ſeems indeed a Miſery, but not
A Crime; for if it were, I could not help it:
My Poverty muſt be reliev'd with Death.
But though I can
Find no forgiveneſs in the World, I am glad
I find it in my ſelf; I freely can
Forgive who e'er have injur'd me, and this
Is ſome eaſe to me, though perchance the living
Do little heed the pardons of the dead.
Gent. Poor Lady, my heart mourns for her.
Uran. I do not know I e'er did harm to any,
Only my Lord *Endymion* I did once
Delude to ſave my life, would Heav'n I had not;
But he is merciful to others, though

He

He has met with little for himself.
Evad. If pitty poor *Urania* could do thee good,
Thou hast enough on't.
Uran. I do confess I'm marri'd to the Prince;
But he will witness for me 'twas th' effect
Of his own choice: I never presum'd
To think it till he told me it should be so;
Since when how faithful I have been to him,
Witness! Oh! Heaven! and all those Powers that dare
Acquit whom Kings condemn; and tho' for this
I now must suffer death, I cannot wish
I had not don't, since 'twas the Prince's pleasure,
Whom to contradict, to me were worse than death.
Gent. Alas! I pity her, her Case is too severe.
Uran. And yet I feel
That Death is bitter, 'tis an Enemy
Looks cruelly on those who have no Friends:
'Tis hard to undergo the greatest Task alone;
But 'tis my Fate, and Heaven must be obey'd ——
——'Tis a long hazard that we run in Death,
And a short warning rather does disturb
Than fit us for it; were't not for this,
I could be well content to close these Eyes
That have of late beheld so little pleasure.
Marsh. She draws Tears from my Eyes; I was not wont
To be so soft.
Uran. But I too long
Detain you with Complaints, whose business is
To see me die: Live happy, brave *Theander*,
May all thy Sorrows die with thy *Urania*,
And all those Joys live with thee which she took
In thy Contents.—— May'st thou be happy in
A Princess, great as thy own Merits, bright
As thy own Eyes, and vertuous as
Are all thy Thoughts; and may she honour thee
As truly as thy poor *Urania* did.
Execu. Are you ready, Madam?
Uran. Who is this?
Gent. Madam, 'tis your Destiny.
Uran. O, it is he.
Sir, you can instruct me what I am to do;
I never yet saw any body die.
Gent. Madam, you must kneel.
Uran. How will he strike?
Gent. With all the mercy that he can.
Execu. When you have ended all you have to say,
Pray kneel with your Face that way, and give

Some

Some sign when I shall strike.

Uran. I will.

Evad. I cannot stay to see't; Farewel, dear *Urania.* —— [*Ex.* Evad.

Uran. When I am dead, pray, Sirs, suffer none
But my Mother to fit me for my Grave;
She will be careful of me, she will pay
Holy devotions for me, and bedew
With pious Tears that face she still has lov'd:
And may the Gods give comforts in her sorrows,
And all those Stars which have been hard to me
Be merciful to her —— May my misfortune
Work in her only a more true content
In the low Sphere she so securely moves in.

Execu. I think she'll ne'er a done praying, they all keep such a coile when they come to die: Wou'd the King wou'd please to forbid all Speeches upon Scaffolds.

Uran. Sirs! Farewel, pray present
My humble Service to my Noble Princess,
With thanks for all her Favours, in my life,
And Charity in death —— bless'd Gods assist me. —— [*Kneels.*
Pray expect the sign.

Execu. I shall. ——

Enter in haste Parthenia, Urania's *Mother.*

Parth. Stay, stay the fatal Blow.

King. What's this?

Parth. A miserable Mother come to save her only Child.

King. Executioner, do your Office. [*One of the Gent. lays hold of the Execu.*

Parth. Great King, dread Sovereign, hear,
Hear a distress'd Mother, hear for their sake
That at your death must bear you.

King. What will you say?

Parth. My Child is innocent.

King. Do your Office, Executioner.

Parth. O stay, stay, Great King, *Urania* is
A Princess born, her Father was a King.

King. What say you?

Parth. *Urania*'s Father was a King.
Great, but Unfortunate, the King of *Thrace.*

King. It is impossible, the King of *Thrace?*
And what are you?

Parth. Great King, I'm now your Subject,
My name *Parthenia*, and my habitation
A little Cottage: but I once was known
By the name of *Cleopatra*, and was Wife
To *Pyrocles* the Vertuous Prince of *Thrace.*
Of whom all that remains besides his Fame
Is this poor Child, for whom I beg your mercy,
Not to extinguish with one stroke all that

The

The ſtrokes of Fate have left among the ruines
Of a late glorious Family.
King. Her Language!
Beſpeaks her ſomething elſe than her Habit:
'Tis ſtrange —— but how do you make this good
Which you affirm? —— how came you to *Arcadia*?
Parth. Will your Majeſty be pleas'd to hear my Story?
I ſhall be brief.
King. Speak on!
But if you ſpeak not truth, you ſhall partake
Your Daughters Fate.
Parth. Let it be ſo!
I ſhall not now repeat the long misfortunes
Of my unhappy Prince by that dire War
His Rebel Subjects rais'd againſt him through
His too great Goodneſs: Theſe reports enough
Already have afflicted all good Ears,
And all good Hearts: I only now ſhall tell you
When he had acted out his Tragedy ——
King. That we have all heard.
Parth. Next they came
To his Relations; how they did betray
And butcher diverſe of them, all have heard,
And I have felt; I having then remaining
Of all my Children but two Daughters, whereof
One being 14 years of age, was before our ruine
Contracted to the Prince of *Macedon* (and is ſince dead;)
The other, this poor Child (then but ſome few months old)
And knowing how ſoon Kingdoms
Grow weary of th'Unfortunate,
Reſolv'd for ſafety to retire
To ſome ſmall place, ſuch as my narrow Fortune
Could make my own, and there to buy my peace
With my obſcurity. Hither then I came,
Invited by the peace of this bleſs'd Region,
And purchas'd the ſmall Cottage where I live,
And learn'd to change a Scepter for a Sheep-hook,
And thus I bred my Child.
King. But ſtay!
Is't probable in all that time you ſhould not
Acquaint *Urania* with her Birth?
Parth. I never did,
Not willing to diſturb thoſe ſweet contents
She took in being all ſhe hop'd to be;
And all ſhe underſtood, ſhe felt no care;
And with more pleaſure govern'd her ſmall Flock,
Than her unhappy Father his great Kingdom.

King.

King. Pyrrhus! She does not speak amiss, and has
Methinks the look and mien of a Woman of Quality.
Parth. But Heaven that oft
Affronts the highest probabilities,
And gratifies by ways that were never thought of;
In this low Ebb, when all my hopes were grown
More prostrate than my Fortune, does begin
To dawn upon me, and instruct me, those
Are nearer it, who kneel in humble Cells,
Than such as stand on Tiptoe on high Towers.
For now *Theander* makes *Urania* more
A Princess, than a Kingdom could, by courting
Her as a Shepherdess, and shews the World,
That more than Chance conduc'd to her Greatness.
King. Why did you not tell *Theander* the whole truth?
Parth. Sir, he marri'd her at Court, and I knew not of it
Till he was gone to the War in *Thessaly*:
For witness of all this, I do invoke
Those Pow'rs, who never testify untruths;
And here produce those small remains of Greatness
Misfortune yet hath left me; see, Sir, here
That so fam'd Jewel which so many Kings
Of *Thrace* have worn, and with such veneration
Have still preserv'd on an old Prophecy, that
This should preserve the *Thracian* Family.
King. Pyrrhus! 'tis all true! Go tell the Queen and Princess this: [*Ex.* Pyr.
I need no Testimony but those words,
All Queens might blush to hear from Cottagers,
But is it possible so mean a place
So long should hold great *Cleopatra*?
Parth. Know, great Prince (and know it too
From one who has experimented Greatness)
When I had satisfi'd my self in my
Endeavours of regaining my lost Rights,
And saw 'em all unprosperous, (as if
Heaven long enough had given one Family
The privilege to govern others)
I was as well content to be the first
Must learn to act with common People,
As he who first was call'd from them to rule.
King. Great Queen,
The Prophecy is now fulfill'd, That Jewel
Will serve to satisfy the World as much,
Of all you say, as your own Words have me:
And thus preserves the *Thracian* Family, —— [*Embraces* Urania.
Dear Daughter! still be happy and forgive
Our ignorance; I cannot love thee better

{ *She shews several* } { *such Jewels.* }

Than

Than at that very time I did condemn thee,
I could as well have sentenc'd my two Eyes;
And pardon me, dear Sister, if I first—— [*Salutes* Cleopatra.
Ask'd pardon where I most did need it.
Call the Queen, and tell *Cleántha*, *Urania* is alive.
Parth. Now, my dear Daughter, thou art safe within my Arms.
Uran. Madam, it only did belong to you
Who gave me life, thus to preserve it too—— [*Trumpets within.*
King. What's this?
Gent. The Prince is come.
King. What will *Theander* say, to see his dear *Urania*
Thus attir'd at his return?
Uran. He'll say you're merciful.
Enter Queen, Cleantha, *and* Pyrrhus.
King. Madam, see here Great *Cleopatra*
And call her Sister; take, *Cleantha!*
Her thou hast wept for: *Pyrrhus* has told you all.
Enter Theander.
My Son! never more welcome! never [*The Prince fixes his*
Did more Joy spring from more sorrow. [*Eyes on* Urania.
Thean. Bless me, dread Sir! What Scene does entertain me?
Are your Joys expresst by Sacrifice?
King. Theander, take, take thy *Urania*,
And wonder not at any thing but her.
Thean. My Triumphs are more dreadful than my Conquests.
Queen. My Son, be happy in thy best Choice;
Let not thy wonder make us longer languish.
Thean. Madam, I'll believe,
And hope in time to understand——dear Cozen—— [*Goes to salute*
Clean. Sir, when you first have done [Cleantha.
Your Duty to the Queen of *Thrace*, your Mother,
Then to your *Urania*, I shall be thankful for
The honour you too early wou'd vouchafe me.
Thean. I must obey what Heaven knows when
I shall understand. —— [*Salutes* Cleopatra.
This is an earlier Tribute than I thought—— [*To* Urania.
To pay your Lips: (my dear *Urania*) But why do'st thou conspire
To my distraction? why this Habit, and why these Tears?
King. Heav'n bless you both!
And may your Loves increase still with your days:
May you be fresh as Spring, as Autumn fruitful,
And know no Winter of adversity;
And may the Gods that have done Wonders in your Loves
Do Wonders in the effects of it.
Thean. Sure this is all a Vision! am I awake?
Enter Priest.
Priest. A day full of Wonders!
King. A day all Miracle!

How merciful is Heaven; who would be bad
When Vertue's thus rewarded in distress?
Thean. Couzen, your pardon,—— [*Salutes* Cleantha.
Happy is this meeting;—— [*To all.*
I am oblig'd for all the Joy I see
Start out of sorrow now at my Return.
Clean. Heav'n give you Joy of your *Urania.*
Thean. You have oblig'd me, Madam, that you have
Dealt so gently with your Servant.
Clean. She ne'er had been esteem'd so, had you thought
Me worthy of your Counsel, Sir; but now I shall endeavour
To repay her all those services I have receiv'd from her.
Thean. She is still your Servant, Cozen.
Clean. (aside) How can there be such Joy, when brave
Endymion lives in unjust Banishment?
Thean. I long to ease my wonder, and to know the story of great *Cleopatra,*
How she has been so long obscur'd to all the World but to her self.
King. We'll find a Scene for that,
Less like the Face of sorrow, ('tis enough.
Urania is a Princess) and had Fortune
In ought but in her blindness been like Justice
Had worn the Crown of *Thrace,* only my Daughter
My dear *Urania,* ask me on this place,
I so have injur'd thee, what I shall do
To expiate my Ignorance of thy Worth,
Ask what thou wilt, I'll not deny it.
Uran. I want not a Request, had I but merit and confidence to ask it.
King. If you do not ask it, you choose the perfect way to disoblige me.
Uran. It is *Endymion*'s Liberty; pardon, Sir, the boldness
You'r pleas'd to give me, and the Gratitude I hope I ne'er shall lose.
King. You have my Word, do with it what you please,
I'll give you Order for't.
Thean. Your pardom, Sir,
If your Commands already are obey'd,
Endymion is return'd, I met him e'er
He was imbarq'd, and having been inform'd,
From my *Urania* of all his Cares for her,
I stay'd him, hoping from your Goodness to
Obtain his pardon, for the Love *Cleantha*
So truly bears him. I have no more to say
Against it than against my own I had
For my *Urania,* when I thought her less:
And since the Gods have made her Great for me,
'Twill be but gratitude in me to do
Some of their business for them, and reward
So brave a Vertue as *Endymion* owns,
And make him great for his *Cleantha* too.

Clean. Is *Endymion* return'd? O happy hour!
Thean. The War in *Thessaly* has found an happy end,
And there I've left
Those hands that made that Scepter stoop, who, now,
Want but a Scene to do new wonders in,
And this may prove rebellious *Thrace*, if you,
Sir, think fit I wear that Crown *Urania* gives me;
In this Conquest, the brave *Endymion*
Shall be my second; what shall I not expect from
Such Vertue and such Valour when they meet?
King. I have of late receiv'd such mercies, that
I cannot think of any thing which looks
Like Cruelty. Therefore wonder not
All that you ask so soon is granted you,
Cleantha; take then your *Endymion*; be
More blest in him than Greatness e'er could make you.
Queen. And now you're doing works of Mercy, Sir,
I beg for the sake of this glorious day
Which is a day of mercy to us all,
That *Geron* and *Neander* may not die,
But suffer Banishments for life.
King. What you propose has much of Piety;
I'll not deny't: and now I've one request
To you my honour'd Priest, your leave
That *Pyrrhus* my best Confident may serve
The fair *Evadne*.
Priest. You oblige me, Sir, to make me see
My poor *Evadne* is so much your care,
It shall be mine; she still shall think that best
Your Majesty is pleas'd to choose for her.

Enter Endymion.

Thean. Endymion! why so slowly to thy Joys? { *Kneels and kisses*
Reap here the fruits of Gratitude and Mercy. { Clean. *hand.*
Clean. Welcome, my Lord.
Queen. My Lord, you're welcome from your Banishment.
King. You've only now this Ladies leave to ask
For any thing you'd have.
Endym. I am happy in your Royal Mercy, Sir,
And hope in time to be so too in hers.
Madam, I hope your Highness has the Charity
To pardon your poor Servant, who was the
Unwilling occasion of so much injury
To so Noble a Princess.
Clean. You need not fear
Your Sentence, when *Cleantha* is your Judge.
King. Let us away, and satisfie our selves with what
We have so long travail'd with, and let the World

Learn

[illegible]

Epilogue.

AS a young Merchant who had scap'd of late
The wrack of all his Wealth, and his own Fate,
When that [illegible] he had gain'd for lost,
Would [illegible] lost:
With [illegible] little shares
In [illegible] Wares;
[illegible] to Sea
Again, if [illegible] he.
So our Adventurer, who [illegible] past
Through these [illegible] Seas with storms o'ercast,
And brought his little Vessel home at last:
Unwilling now to meet another shock,
Has in this bottom ventur'd some small stock:
Which if you suffer to come safely home,
It may encourage him for time to come;
But if you sink this Vessel, yet he will
Keep on a little Trade a going still.
He says you cannot break him, if you do,
But (whatsoe'er he says) I beg that you
To us will be good natur'd but this day,
And pardon all the Errors in our Play.

FINIS.